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THE LIVING AGE

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FEBRUARY 7, 1920

A WEEK OF THE WORLD

SEVERAL German scholars and writers have visited England since the armistice. Some of them, like the venerable economist, Lujo Brentano, have renewed old acquaintanceship there while attending public conferences. Others have gone to report the state of popular sentiment, and to prognosticate political developments which are likely to affect the future of their own country. The correspondent from whose pen comes the first of the following articles, represents the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, well known as a leading organ of German Liberalism. During the war the editorial policy of the great liberal dailies showed a consistent desire for early reconciliation with Great Britain. This attitude was particularly marked in case of the *Frankfurter Zeitung* and *Berliner Tageblatt*, and in a somewhat less degree of the *Münchner Neueste Nachrichten*. These papers opposed a predatory peace; they criticized the harsh treaties that Germany forced on Russia and Roumania; and they were bitter adversaries of unrestricted U-boat warfare and of inviting American intervention. It is natural, therefore, that the same papers should be among the first to resume journalistic intercourse with the country from which they have derived many political ideals. Probably it was no mere accident that a free-trader like Brentano should have been one of the earliest emissaries of economic coöperation to visit the country that was the birthplace of the doctrines which he has so stanchly supported.

Just what facilities a German journalist would have at the present moment to ascertain the state of political sentiment among English working people is, of course, unknown to us. But besides being a picture of British political thought, as it presents itself to a German observer, the article is interesting as a very early example of the reviving reaction through normal peace channels of English public opinion upon that of Germany.

REMARKABLY little has appeared in the secular press upon the profound influence which the revolutionary movement, now covering the greater part of Europe, is likely to have upon the status of the Christian Church, and, indeed, of every religious organization. At present writing, we hear much of the attempts of the Bolsheviki to employ Pan-Islamism in their campaign against British India. About fifteen million of the former

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Tsar's subjects were Mohammedans. One of the conspicuous buildings on the banks of the Neva, in Petrograd, was a mosque, whose white minaret stood in view of the ornate Cathedral of St. Isaac. However, the present friendly relations between Bolshevism and Islamism, if they actually exist, are due solely to political causes.

In the spring of 1919 the German and Austrian press contained several accounts of the active propaganda conducted by the Bolsheviki in Afghanistan and Persia, and among other Mohammedan peoples of Central Asia. Bolshevist dispatches were printed referring to editions of one hundred thousand or more pamphlets or tracts in the languages of those countries, designed to show the essential identity of the economic and social theories of Bolshevism with those of the Koran.

A powerful military party has evidently grown up in Russia during the Bolshevist régime. According to the *Pravda*, the People's Commissioner Gusef, at a session of the Petrograd Soviet, asserted that even if peace were made between Russia and its enemies it would only be an armistice in the war to the death between Bolshevism and capitalism. He said: 'We must be prepared to keep our army at its highest strength. Only by armed force can Bolshevism maintain its principles at home and abroad.' This military party stands for a direct negation of the platform upon which the Bolshevist régime originally won the support of the Russian working people and peasants. It seems to represent a revival, not only of old imperialist ideals, but also of policies associated with the former imperial bureaucracy. The pursuit of conquests abroad is advocated in order to distract attention from evils at home. A campaign against India would be a Bolshevist resumption of the traditional Czarist programme interrupted by the Anglo-Russian Entente that followed the victory of Japan in Manchuria.

Returning to the topic of our article, the hostility of the Bolsheviki to the Orthodox Church is sometimes interpreted as retaliation for previous persecution by men high up in revolutionary councils who, though they have become strangers to the doctrines of the synagogue, are still inspired by reminiscences of its ancient racial resentments. However, the antagonism between Socialism and every established Church is based upon more general causes. It has manifested itself in Germany, Austria, Italy, and France as well as in Russia. But it is natural that the conflict should be more intense in Russia than elsewhere; for in that country supreme political and ecclesiastical authority formerly were vested in the same person, and the connection between Church and State was more intimate than in Western Europe. Our article, describing the persecution, not only of the Orthodox Church, but of all other religious communities and denominations, by the Bolsheviki, shows vividly how difficult it is to reconcile Socialist theories of property with the continuance of any organized form of worship which is not itself entirely committed to Socialist principles.

THE first Parliamentary elections in Western Europe, after the war, indicated that while the tide of Socialism was at that time ebbing in France and England, it was rising rapidly in Italy. Some of the economic causes for this condition are touched upon in the account of the Italian Government's programme which we republish from the *Anglo-Italian Review*.

Early in December, serious disorders occurred at Rome, Mantua, and

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elsewhere, during which the Bolshevist element acquired temporary control of the mob. The Italian papers published the details of these happenings somewhat tardily, perhaps on account of the difficulty in obtaining authentic information. A number of officials, and as usual some innocent bystanders, were killed, stores were sacked, in at least one case, prisoners were set free, and the rioters were armed with looted rifles. In Mantua, the immediate cause of these disorders was the calling of a general strike by the Socialist party, as a protest against the rough handling of one of the Parliamentary delegates from that city, by the police in Rome.

The concern caused in Italy by these occurrences was very great. The *Corriere della Sera*, which but a few days previously had rather scouted the idea that Italy was in danger of such incidents, printed an appeal to the reason of the nation, which we republish as a picture of sentiment, rather than an account of the facts to which it refers. Miglioli, the head of the Catholic syndicalists, to whom reference is made in connection with the clericals, headed the element in the latter party which opposed Italian intervention in the war. In Italy, as in Germany at the present moment, everything depends upon the attitude which the army takes toward the forces of law and order.

AT the time of writing, Germany appears to be passing through a crisis of domestic disorder which repeats, on a less serious scale, incidents of the January and March uprisings of a year ago. This is our apology for printing another account of German political sentiment in this issue. The article is taken from the leading National Liberal paper of Vienna, and represents the point of view of a Democrat who stands midway between Radicalism and reaction — or near that centre of equilibrium where we hope the swaying political struggle in the former Central Powers will ultimately come to rest. Recent events suggest that the situation in Berlin may be a little worse than it promised to become last November. But there is no suggestion yet of irresolution on the part of the government, or disloyalty among the troops.

The Workers' Council Bill, which was used as a pretext for the recent demonstration, has been a point of controversy from the very beginning of the revolution. Essentially the issue is: Shall the employees or the employers control industry? Shall the latter retire to the position of widow and orphan shareholders in a large American corporation, or shall they continue to determine the policies and operating methods of the business with which they are associated? The Radicals would take away these powers to a very great extent. Moreover, they would incorporate the workers' councils in the government itself, and endow these glorified shop committees with political authority as well as industrial control. The government, which represents the Majority Socialists and the Liberal wing of the Democrats, insists upon retaining a political constitution much like our own, but a system of industrial control in which the workers and the public shall have a far larger voice in determining conditions of production, and particularly conditions of employment, than the working people have in America. However, the government's plan would not deprive the present managers and owners of factories, works, and commercial establishments, of the powers of direction and disciplinary authority which it believes necessary in order to insure efficient production.

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UNLESS an American chances to be descended from one of the Baltic races, or to have traveled extensively in that region, he usually has a vague impression of the circle of little countries that have been flung off like asteroids from the great body of Russia during its present convulsions. Indeed, the situation in the territories these diminutive nations occupy is hopelessly complex even for the best informed. Languages, religions, ancient historical titles, racial class questions, racial economic questions, divisions between Radicals and Liberals and conflicting international sympathies and interests, combine to complicate the solution of the problem they present. Among the new Baltic nations, Esthonia seems in the fairest way to reach political equilibrium, providing it is not overwhelmed by the Bolsheviki. It is comparatively free from the class conflicts and the racial dissensions that impair the unity of Finland. Its people are more closely allied with the Finns by temperament, commerce, social intercourse, and ties of blood and language than with any of the nations south of the Baltic. The people are mostly Lutherans and have received a strong infusion of North German culture. Their land had become something of an industrial centre prior to the war. Reval was a manufacturing town of consequence. The French impression of the young republic which we print this week, gives a recent and sympathetic picture of the problems the young government is meeting and the measures it is taking to solve them.

EGYPT'S plea for independence is one of the many discordant undertones that mar the harmony of the concord of nations. We have not heard much of the Egyptian side of this question, and the National Movement in that country is probably associated in many American minds with unpleasant street disorders, such as recent European experiences have taught us to distrust. Egypt's case seems to resemble slightly that of the Philippines. Its economic welfare probably will be best consulted by continuing the present government. The opposition to that government is founded on sentiment rather than on self-interest. But some splendid though forgotten economic arguments were advanced in their day against our own independence. Probably most of the Americans who before the war used to drop in for a few days every winter at Shepherd's Hotel, cherish deep doubts of Egypt's ability to govern itself and to maintain its present level of material and social well-being. The Egyptians argue that their material and social well-being is after all their own affair, and insist on their right to political progress and poverty, if they prefer that to political repression and prosperity. Their moral case is clearly strengthened by the promises to withdraw from Egypt at an earlier date, made by former British administrations. These promises add to the long list of examples of the inconvenience of trying to combine the functions of statesmanship and prophecy in the same officials.

Lord Milner is chairman of the British Commission referred to in our article. When it arrived in Egypt business houses put up their shutters and a proclamation was circulated calling upon the people to refuse to confer with it. The Egyptians allege that since a state of siege had been proclaimed, witnesses would be under duress. According to the French papers, the Commission finding its reception so unsympathetic in Cairo proceeded to Lower Egypt to pursue further inquiries in a friendlier atmosphere; and several prominent

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Egyptians have recently been imprisoned. The London papers state that the Commission is working unostentatiously, conferring with responsible Egyptians in secret.

FRENCH Nationalists continue to believe the Versailles Treaty a failure because it leaves Germany a united nation. The ideal arrangement according to them, would be to divide the rest of Europe into political units so small that no one of them could again threaten the hegemony of France and England. This party finds a justification for its programme in the apparent failure of the treaty to relieve France of future heavy military burdens.

At the opposite extreme of political thought stand the more advanced groups of Socialists, who would achieve disarmament by drafting a treaty which would encourage the people — meaning the proletariat of all countries — to subordinate international antagonism completely to common class interests.

It is doubtful whether there is a party or faction in all Europe sufficiently important to be distinguishable in the present blur of conflicting political groups that is satisfied with the treaty. This is not so much a criticism of the treaty itself, as a description of the way Europe regards it. No international agreement made between the existing governments could possibly solve the class conflicts that are an important reason for the present dissatisfaction. Neither could any practical statesman have expected that the Paris Conference would be able to draw international boundaries so as to satisfy the conflicting claims of different governments.

Supposing, however, the plan of the French Nationalists had been adopted and Germany had been divided into as many petty political units as the old Austro-Hungarian empire? Would this not have added immeasurably to the economic problems presented by peace? We have an illustration of where such a policy leads in the present condition of Vienna.

IN Norway, as in America, granting the franchise to women has turned the tide of ballots in favor of prohibition. The country will not be precisely 'bone dry' as a result of the recent referendum, but it will have covered so much of the road in that direction as to make its eventual arrival at the latter destination probable. It will be recalled that the Scandinavian countries have been, for many years, the scene of experiments to deal with the liquor business by regulation, and that the Gothenburg system was at one time widely advocated in the United States.

ITALY'S ambitions in the Levant are part of a historical tradition passed down from the Roman Empire through the Genoese and Venetian republics. That country now finds itself again in temporary possession of one of the strongholds of Genoese trade in the Middle Ages. We may doubt whether the natural resources of the country Italy patrols are as abundant as the writer, whose account we publish, believes. The Germans were considerably disillusioned by the results of a recognizance of the natural wealth of Asiatic Turkey which they made during their recent military occupation of that region. Italy constructed excellent roads in its northern field of military operations during the war, and apparently is following the same policy in its occupied territories in Asia. This is another Roman tradition revived by the practical exigencies of modern military control.

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[*Frankfurter Zeitung, December 12, 1919*]

A GERMAN VIEW OF BRITISH POLITICS

BY BERNHARD GUTTMANN

THE deeper significance of the World War is still unrevealed. There have been great conflicts which even when viewed from a great distance of time seem to be mere accidental struggles for booty, dynastic rivalries for provinces, or predatory incursions by ruling classes in order to win colonies or markets. More rarely, wars of a different and more frightful character have occurred, springing from some deeper hatred in the bosom of the human family and seeming like a crisis of race insanity. Such wars mark the death of civilizations. The future may look back upon the present period as such a twilight of the gods. The Japanese statesman, Count Okuma, who is able to take a remoter attitude because he belongs to a different and distant civilization, has declared that our catastrophe means the death of European civilization, and compares it with the destruction of the Babylonian or Roman world. Many Europeans now hold this view, not only in defeated Germany, but also in the lands of the victors. Men of first intellectual calibre doubt whether Europe has the ideal resources to reconstruct on a firm foundation its ruined civilization. That is why we find what would otherwise be an inexplicable interest in Bolshevism in many cultured circles of France and England, where even moderate Socialism used to be abhorred.

Lenin's personality has awakened interest and regard and there is a disposition to attribute real value to the Soviet Government as a developer of Russian national character. Reports to this effect have been brought to England by Englishmen, and more recently by Americans, who stand in high esteem. Their opinions have produced a deep impression upon people who have been disillusioned in European parties and party leaders, and embittered by the excesses of the profiteers. The influential editor of the *Nation* writes that the moral atmosphere of Russia is puritanical in its standards; that Bolshevist Russia loves to labor and to improve the intellect; that street manners are beyond reproach; that there are no police, no drunkenness, no vice, no dissipation — and no liberty.

Thus, they are told, the Lenin-Calvin views rule his new Geneva in the East. That moral earnestness in the English character, which it has inherited from Puritanism, thinks that it has stumbled upon kindred sentiment. But it is a dangerous thing to express openly any sympathy for the Moscow people. Bernard Shaw can call himself a Bolshevist and 'get away with it,' but it would be inadvisable for anyone else to try it. The upper classes are unsparing wherever the slightest trace of revolutionary sympathy exists. When public security is in danger, England will not trifle with the situation the way France does. The latter country will tolerate any sort of literary fencing, providing it be sufficiently skillful.

It is difficult to judge how far radical

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sentiment has penetrated the masses of the English people. Much political thinking is going on that finds no open expression. In Germany we have had Social Democratic dailies for decades, and since the revolution the independent Socialists have started a host of new publications. In England, the powerful labor party has only recently controlled a daily organ — the London *Daily Herald* — and has had great difficulty keeping that alive. There is not a Socialist daily in the United Kingdom. The press of that party is limited to a few weeklies. Consequently, it is difficult to follow the intellectual movement of the proletariat.

Apparently, some extremely radical groups exist among the working people, but that does not indicate that revolutionary tendencies are appreciably strong in any stratum of English or Scotch society. Several trade union leaders are bitterly assailed by the radicals, who call them 'opportunists' and 'props of reaction.' But there is no indication that the rank and file of the workers seriously consider changing their old trade union tactics for new and uncertain experiments. The agitation that is observable everywhere in England appears to be due less to revolutionary sentiment than to the increasing self-confidence of the trade unions themselves. These societies, each of which is limited to the employees of a particular trade, are trying to develop into 'guilds' where all unions employed in any great line of production, will be federated in a single organization. To illustrate — railway employees formerly belonged to a number of entirely independent organizations. These have gradually federated. Another feature of the labor situation is the growing solidarity between skilled and unskilled labor. The most significant incident of the recent railway strike was the readiness with which the highly paid locomotive engineers, all of whose demands had been conceded, left work in order to assist the plebeian classes of the service.

British labor policy is directed toward winning control of Parliament, and the only thing likely to create a sentiment in favor of direct action would be an attempt to prevent this political outcome by the exercise of force. The men at the head of the labor movement confine themselves to procuring immediate material advantages for their constituents. One rarely encounters among them an idealist politician of first rank, whose aim is general social reformation. To be sure, the platform of the labor party looks toward a complete reconstruction of society. The revised programme, drafted by the executive committee, and adopted in June, 1918, after a thorough discussion by the party convention, begins by asserting that its practical proposals follow logically from its fundamental principles, regardless of the attitude of other political parties. It must avoid partial measures and compromises.

Reconstruction after the war must extend not alone to the government offices or to this or that part of the industrial machine, but so far as Great Britain is concerned, to society as a whole. Four pillars are to support the new social structure. A guaranteed minimum income for every member of society; democratic control of industry, beginning with the immediate nationalization of railways, mines, and electric power; complete reform of public finances by a radical tax to be graduated from one penny in the pound up to sixteen or even nineteen shillings in the pound, in case of the highest incomes; and, finally, the employment of superfluous wealth, to be

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requisitioned either by nationalization or by taxation of private fortunes, to such public ends as providing new investment capital, old age and invalid pensions, scientific investigation, and art. This programme leaves out of account only armament; which, so long as the present international situation continues, will be the heaviest charge upon national revenues and will leave little over for capital reserves and culture. The labor party is, of course, opposed to militarism and heavy army expenditures, but will it be able to prevent new wars? Its point of view is essentially national. It has followed the path of the German Social Democratic party up to 1914, in confining itself almost entirely to domestic questions, to the neglect of foreign policies. It has many good intentions, but no thought-out international programme. It drafts upon paper a new system of social organization to apply to Great Britain alone, and leaves it to the imperialists to inform it of what occurs beyond the national boundaries after the crisis is already at the door.

In every country Socialist parties in the hour of decision have found themselves at the mercy of the opinions of the ruling class. Foreign policies have dominated domestic policies. Consequently, you have got to chain the beast of prey of war before you can succeed with reforms at home. The British labor party seems likely to enlarge its programme; for it is receiving important accessions of strength from the old Liberalists. Among them are men of great capacity who comprehend the importance of an international policy — something that has escaped the trade union leaders in Parliament.

The labor party has intentionally destroyed the remnants of bourgeois radicalism by refusing to ally itself with the representatives of the Liberals in the by-elections. It prefers to lose a seat to the reactionaries to winning it with the assistance of Democrats not in its own camp. If this continues, the labor party will soon become the official opposition and be forced to appeal to the electors as a candidate for complete control of the government. Sooner or later that power will be entrusted to it, unless some violent interruption occurs to prevent normal development. A foreign war, or a revolution in the Empire, or an epidemic of Bolshevist strikes, would probably strengthen the conservatives.

Since the countries of Europe remain interdependent in spite of their recent alienation, waves of action and reaction rise and fall simultaneously in all of them, like water in communicating pipes. We may anticipate, therefore, that if reaction gains the upper hand in Germany, reaction in England will be strengthened. London is watching with keen attention the revival of the Pan-German movement. The German national agitation is encouraging British imperialism and French militarism and those phases of national sentiment and policy that are working to oppress German industry and commerce and to prolong the suffering of our people. That movement is an enemy of democracy in the West, and its effect is to postpone the prospect of revising the Treaty of Versailles and of securing Germany's admission to the new League of Nations. For it is very difficult for English friends of revision to plead their case, when the papers are filled every day with accounts of Nationalist demonstrations in German cities.

New complications may be injected into the situation from elsewhere than Germany and Russia. The Irish situation appears to be critical. England is maintaining a very considerable army there. In spite of that, the un-

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recognized Irish republic is gaining strength and is organizing under the very eyes of the British authorities. Its loans are denounced as illegal and treasonable, but subscriptions to them are pouring in. It is forming a sort of an administration, with its own law courts, which hold sessions and issue judgments in the name of the republic. So responsible an observer as H. N. Brailsford pictures these conditions as follows:

'The courts sit in secret. It has been made a crime to participate in their proceedings, and yet their summons are obeyed and their sentences are enforced.' This situation may precipitate another fearful catastrophe upon the world, and make Ireland the centre of a new world crisis. The Irish are counting upon America's eventual support. The question is, what will be the attitude of the labor party? It cannot remain neutral and wash its hands of the situation. That involves a very difficult decision.

These considerations make many observers think that the time for Socialism has not arrived; but that the Conservatives still have a long lease of life and power and possibly will gain added strength at the next election. In the opinion of these people, the proletariat will not unite to overthrow the powers at present in control until later. At that time they possibly will have other leaders.

On the other hand, some public men prophesy an early triumph for the labor party. Indeed, they think it will come into power in 1920, if a general election is held. They support this view upon the growing class consciousness of all wage earners, revealed by the railway strike, and the astonishing success of the party in the last municipal elections. It should be observed, however, that the middle classes take little interest in municipal affairs. But if the labor party should really get a majority in Parliament in the near future, there is the further possibility and indeed prospect that it will speedily split up into two hostile groups. Serious differences of opinion exist within that party, which are likely to lead to divisions similar to those we have witnessed in Germany.

In England also, the conservative phalanx of trade unionists of the old school finds itself opposed to a disorganized horde of radical Socialists and Nationalists. Even if the party, as seems more probable now, should greatly increase its delegation in Parliament at the next election, but should not obtain an absolute majority, internal dissensions are still likely. In that case, it would not form its own government, but probably its more conservative members would form a coalition with the liberal element in the present government. Naturally, it would be the opportunists rather than the more resolute labor leaders who would enter such a combination. However, the result would give a radical shift to the whole government. Possibly, Lloyd George would hope to remain at the head of such a coalition as a bridge between the remnants of the old war cabinet and the party of reconstruction. For however unpromising the future of the world, that successful politician never despairs of his personal future.

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[*Neue Zürcher Zeitung, December 22, 1919*]

THE CHURCH IN SOVIET RUSSIA

BY A MEMBER OF THE COUNCIL OF ORTHODOX CHURCHES IN ALL RUSSIA

THE Russian Church has raised its voice times innumerable, appealing for the protection of its rights and its existence, both of which are threatened by the persecution of the Bolsheviki. Tikhon, the patriarch of all Russians, Sylvester Bishop of Omsk in Siberia, and Plato, the Metropolitan of Odessa and Cherson, have issued appeals addressed to the faithful of the Orthodox Church and to all Christians, picturing the fearful situation in which the Church now finds itself. Tikhon was recently hung by the Bolsheviki from the balcony of a church in Voronesh. The Archbishop of Omsk telegraphed the Pope on February 7, 1919:

'After the Bolsheviki seized the government of Russia in 1917, they proceeded to annihilate not only the educated classes, and everything associated with art and culture, but also religion and its representatives, and even the articles employed in religious worship. The churches of Moscow and other cities have been plundered, the holy places desecrated, and the historical sacristies and the libraries of the patriarchs in Moscow and Petrograd have been pillaged. The Archbishop of Kieff, nearly twenty bishops, and hundreds of priests have been assassinated. Before the Bolsheviki gave their victims the finishing stroke, they tortured them with mutilation. Some were buried alive. Religious processions in our principal cities, which multitudes of the common people had joined, have been dispersed with rifle fire. Wherever the Bolsheviki have control, the Christian Church is more cruelly persecuted than even in the first three centuries of the Christian Era.'

The question is whether an independent church can possibly survive in a communist state. All of the material resources of religion are confiscated by the government, which is the sole owner of property. The Church can survive, therefore, only upon the bounty of the government. It cannot receive such bounty unless it is a state institution. Since it cannot conscientiously become part of the government, organized religion is bereft of all material support.

It is true that the Communist programme has not as yet been completely enforced in Russia. This gives the Church a brief lease of life. Beginning with the autumn of 1917, the Soviet Government issued a series of decrees intended to destroy all ecclesiastical institutions. But it failed to take into account the religious sentiment of the common people. The depth of this sentiment had been demonstrated before the Bolsheviki seized the reins of power, at the time when the first constitutional convention was elected. The parishes had already been reorganized upon a democratic basis. For instance, the common clergy were electing the priests. At this time the Socialist revolutionaries were in complete control. Neverthe-

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less, the clericals, to the general surprise of everybody, mustered twenty-seven thousand votes in the city of Petrograd, which was the very heart and centre of radical sentiment. Even since the Bolsheviki have been in control, religious processions of astonishing dimensions have occurred in that city. The number of participants has reached three hundred thousand to half a million. In August, 1918, the number of active church members in the diocese of Petrograd still exceeded five hundred thousand.

One of the first acts of the Bolsheviki was to decree the complete separation of Church and State. They promptly inventoried all ecclesiastical property. Local Soviets were given authority to dispose of this property at their discretion, either to private persons or to religious groups. The members of these Soviets were either indifferent to religion or outspoken atheists. In spite of these untoward conditions, the religious communities in the country managed to survive. Nearly all the churches there still held services. In the large cities, however, the edifices were closed and the priceless art objects they contained were soon being hawked to traders in neutral countries.

A remarkable feature of the situation, during this period, was the spontaneous appearance of thousands of religious societies, organized for the purpose of continuing Christian worship in spite of the opposition of the government. Even in former days the country priests supported themselves largely from small allotments of land attached to their churches. The allotments, which were approximately a hundred English acres in area, were expected to support the priest, the deacon, and the sexton. A Soviet decree was promulgated dividing these allotments among the members of the parish. However, little importance was attached to this, as each man's portion was generally too small to excite his cupidity. Another decree socializing buildings closed church hospitals and schools and deprived churches of means for continuing their charitable service to the community. Some church funds were deposited in banks. This money was promptly confiscated by the government. Formerly the priests, whose salaries in the days of the Tsar often did not exceed three hundred rubles annually, eked out their incomes by teaching catechism in the schools. A decree of the government abolished religious instruction. The new authorities refused to allow the churches wine and flour for the Sacrament. Controlling as they did every printing press in the country, the Soviets prevented the churches from printing even the smallest leaflet or announcement. The latter were thus deprived of facilities for propagating the gospel. In some cases church libraries were confiscated for the alleged reason that their books contained dangerous doctrines. A decree was issued forbidding prayers at the opening of school; another edict directed the removal of religious pictures from schoolrooms. One must know Russia in order to realize the impression such orders made upon the people. Every seminary and academy for the education of priests was closed. Religious pictures were taxed. Priests were placed in the third category receiving provisions from the government, that is, they were in the lowest class. For weeks they did not receive any bread whatever. Between July 5 and August 1, 1918, in the midst of a frightful cholera epidemic, the third category in Petrograd had only salt herring and water from the Neva. The latter could not be boiled because there was neither petroleum nor wood for

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heating. The priests almost lost recollection of those old staples of Russian diet, tea, sugar, meat, and flour.

Local religious festivals have always constituted the bright points in the dull life of the Russian commons. On the day the great annual festival of the Church of the Redeemer in Moscow was to be held, an order was suddenly issued commanding the attendants to report for civilian duty at a designated barracks. This command applied to the choir, the priests, and the deacons. It was necessary to summon priests in all haste from the other churches of Moscow and to borrow the choir of the neighboring parish in order to conduct the ceremony. Meantime, the whole body of clergy of the Church of the Redeemer reported at the designated barracks. When they arrived the commissioner in charge said he knew of no work for them to do, concluding:

'Go into the courtyard and find out how many carts are in the left section.'

The priests went out and counted sixty-five carts.

'Well, go now and find out how many are in the right section.'

After they had reported this, brooms were issued to them and they were told to sweep the court.

When the hour for the religious ceremony had passed, the commissioner said:

'I have no more work for you, you can go home.'

This is merely illustrative of the refined malice with which Bolsheviki treat religion. I have in my hands a copy of the *Perm Times*, a Soviet organ. It contains a list of persons shot. Wherever the name of a priest occurs his offense is entered merely as 'Priest,' or 'Monk,' or 'Counter-Revolutionary.'

Overwhelmed by these misfortunes, the representatives of every religious community that believes in God — Orthodox, Catholics, Roman Catholics, Protestants, Dissenters, Jews, and Mohammedans — have formed a union under the leadership of the Metropolitan of Petrograd. They have adopted a resolution protesting against the enforcement of decrees depriving them of their freedom of worship. In spite of all its present persecutions, the Russian Church still possesses a multitude of men who do it honor.

The Bolsheviki insist that they are not persecuting the Church. But the measures which they have formulated against that institution, and the way they have applied those measures, indicate that they are intent upon annihilating the Church and its representatives. All their efforts have only endeared the Church to the Russian people, and paved the way for a moral revival. The decree separating Church and State, which was intended to destroy organized religion, has really strengthened it; for the spontaneous religious groups that have sprung up so numerously on every hand show wonderful vitality. These religious groups will be points of support for the movement that will ultimately rescue the unhappy nation from the fearful anarchy that now afflicts it. But these unhappy conditions must not be allowed to continue indefinitely. The aid and sympathy of Christians in other countries is more and more urgently required. We cannot conclude better than with the final words of the appeal of the Metropolitan Plato:

'The outrage to religion in Russia has no true connection with the principles of Socialism or Communism, or with any democratic ideal. I beg you all, my brothers, to support and strengthen a great nation which stands on the verge of ruin. Help it with your prayers and appeal to God to rescue this unhappy country.'

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[*The Anglo-Italian Review, December, 1919*]

ITALY'S GOVERNMENT PROGRAMME

We give below a translation of the more important passages of the programme of the Italian Government which Signor Nitti put before the country on the eve of the General Election:

'The public must bear in mind very clearly that a policy of restoration is necessary, that is, of production, of peace, and of work. Otherwise Italy cannot be saved.

'To-day the situation is still this:

'(1) The necessary expenditure of the state is more than three times as great as its income. We are living by borrowing, and our capacity to borrow diminishes every day.

'(2) All the industrial concerns of the state are passive. The state is paying out on all of them: on railways, on the posts, on the telegraphs, on the telephones. The public buys bread at a high price; but the price is still under the cost, and the difference is paid by the government to the extent of several milliards of lire a year.

'(3) We are still exporting goods that represent in value only a fourth or a fifth of what we are buying abroad.

'(4) The indebtedness of the state is increasing still at about a milliard of lire a month.

'(5) Military expenses, a year after the fighting is finished, still represent every month a sum superior to the military expenses for a year before the war.

'This situation is not peculiar to Italy. Without speaking of the conquered countries, whose finances are completely broken, even France and England have the greatest difficulties, and their ministers do not neglect to cry out in alarm and to recall their countries to reality.

'But to have others in difficulty, or even in the same difficulties, is no comfort to us. It is necessary also to add that our difficulties are much greater than those of any of our allies. Our economic life was weaker and our trial has been greater. Many resent the fact that the government should say these things and repeat them. A lie can be told in a hundred different forms, the truth in one form only. The truth is not to be found in soft words and flattery. . . . But in this hour to be silent, or to dissimulate, or attenuate the truth, is weakness. . . .

'The nation after its effort in the war has first of all need to renew itself in a more human work of renovation; we must, forgetting every rancor, build the new nation with serene hearts. All Europe has come out of the war that we did not will, and that the German people imposed on the world, very much poorer; but it has come out of the war also more divided and more weary. Now that we have arranged affairs with our enemies of yesterday, and renewed our relations with our friends, Italy, a country of democracy, must be pioneer of peace in Europe.

'We wish to avoid new wars, to consider every cause of quarrel as disastrous, to prepare for our children a more human society of nations. Our whole political conduct must be inspired to this end, as must our foreign policy and our military policy. We are firmly set on peace. We do not even wish to conceive the possibility of a future war. We want peace with our neighbors, and we want peace among ourselves. . . . Italy is the freest of all the Great Powers and one of the freest nations in the world. Our constitution has never impeded any reform, even when such reforms were opposed to the letter of the Statute. From the political point of view, we

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have adopted in a few years universal suffrage, that will soon be extended to women, as well as proportional representation.

'From the economic point of view no country has realized the daring reforms in the field of labor as Italy has done: the length of the working day, the new regulations of production, the vast system of insurance, the whole example of social laws promulgated in the last few years, surpass what has been done elsewhere, even in countries far richer than ours.

'But what does all this matter if our production is weak? The problem of Italy remains always the same, that of production. Everything else is sterile without this. The new Chamber, returned on the new electoral system, will collaborate, we are sure of it, with the government in the difficult and painful work of reconstruction. . . .

'The base of every reform, the base of all rapid economic renovation, is the possession of a solid finance. . . . Italy has all the elements of success, and her difficulties will be overcome in a short time if she does not allow her tenacity and effort to diminish. We can add, too, that Italy is one of the countries where finance offers the greatest guaranties of solidity if we stop in time the increase of imports. . . .

'Italy comes out of this great war with a war expenditure that approaches one hundred milliards, with a public debt of eighty-one milliards, and with a balance which, in spite of the efforts of the nation, shows a deficit of about three and one half milliards of lire. . . . The hour of sacrifice is not yet passed. If we desire that Italy shall not have suffered in vain, that the fruits of victory won at such a great price shall not be lost, it is necessary that the work of economic and financial reconstruction should be taken up with the same stanchness, the same firmness of energy, that brought us to final triumph in the war. . . .

'In the first place, we must place the nation's budget on solid bases, bringing it gradually toward equilibrium.

'In the second place, we must swiftly bring back to the normal the general economic conditions of the country; we must restrict the paper currency, systematize the floating debt, reëstablish the value of money, restrain the tendency to higher prices.

'To reach these ends it is necessary, first of all, to have in view the systematization of the foreign debt, with a consequent easing of interest. It is necessary then to strengthen in considerable measure the national budget with new taxes of a permanent character. Finally, provisions of a temporary and an exceptional nature are necessary in the form of an extraordinary levy on the wealth of the country.

'The necessity of the systematization of the foreign debt is urgent, but the matter, to which the government is giving the greatest attention, is in itself of a delicate nature, because it involves our relations with our allies, England and America.

'We ought to receive considerable indemnities from our enemies. . . .

'The second source of income for the systematization of our finance is the introduction of a series of new taxes. The Italian people has already shown during the war what it can do in the way of contributing to this end by a spirit of abnegation and sacrifice. The yield of taxation that before the war was a little more than two milliards has risen during the war to about six milliards. But still a further considerable effort will be necessary to reach an equilibrium in the national budget. It will be the duty, above all, of the wealthy classes, and especially of those who have drawn great benefits from

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the war, to assist in this work of reconstruction and consolidation.

'I confirm to you that it is the intention of the government to bring about a general reform of direct taxation with regard to income, with the super-tax on the lines already laid before the Chamber, but we shall also bear in mind the necessity of not pressing too hardly on the productive energies of the country. . . .

'But these provisions will not be enough to solve the grave and worrying problem of the systematization of the floating debt nor to secure the equilibrium of the budget. These ends cannot be reached save by a levy on the national wealth that the government has from the first pointed out as an unavoidable necessity for the restoration of our finance. This levy must before all and in a special manner fall on the wealth made out of the war. Nothing is more repugnant to the general sentiment than the excessive enrichment of some in contrast with the sacrifices of blood and goods which the greatest number of the nation have made. At the same time, the extraordinary levy upon wealth formed or augmented during the war must not be exaggerated.

'We ought to consider with good will the wealth destined for new production, and this wealth cannot in any case alone have more than a slight and brief effect on the solution of our financial problem. We cannot find this solution except by an impost that in an extraordinary way must weigh progressively on the wealth of all citizens, with the sole exception of the patrimonies of the poor. As to the principle of this impost, it would appear that there cannot be any objection. If the Italian people does not collect its moral energy and resolutely face the problem of the restoration of its finances it cannot hope to avoid economic ruin and bankruptcy. And it is above all the moneyed classes that must convince themselves that every hesitation to follow the way of duty toward the state cannot but end fatally not only for the state but also for themselves. Financial seriousness and sobriety, faith in undertakings, care of its own credit, have always been undiscussed prerogatives of the Italian people. Their splendid traditions of financial strength, honesty, and loyalty must be preserved and maintained.

'What is necessary is that the levy on capital should be applied in a way that will not disturb the economic life of the country. The affair is new and difficult, and naturally must be studied by the government with particular care. Certain indiscretions with regard to this study which is in course of completion and erroneous statements in the press and elsewhere have caused an unjustified alarm in the financial world. The levy will be ordered in such a way as to avoid disturbing capital. . . . A long period for the payment of the impost will be allowed to this end, and the most ample guaranties will be given both for just assessment and for the valuation of shares, factories, lands, and every other form of wealth. On the solid basis of the levy on capital it will be possible for the treasury to obtain quickly, by operations of credit, that power for the gradual liquidation of the floating debt that is so necessary, and for the moderation of the paper circulation that weighs on prices and on the exchange. We are convinced that the new Chamber of Deputies will agree with these ideas, and that the Italian people will know how to do its duty and thus to crown the work of the war. But to the duty of the Italian people corresponds that of the government to follow with all its strength a rigid policy of economy.

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This is absolutely essential, and without it all else is useless. It is the highest civil duty. . . .

'But the financial problem is intimately allied with that of production. Wealth consists in work: to work more, to work more intensely, to work in more orderly and organized a fashion — that is what is necessary. . . . To produce as largely as possible, to export as much as possible, to turn to foreign products as little as possible — all this requires a programme of fervor and of work. It requires, above all, an effort of will.'

[*Corriere della Sera, December 5, 1919*]

AN APPEAL TO REASON

MUCH of what has recently occurred is known to the public. We shall not dilate upon the dreadful black chronicle of those events, nor do we desire to exaggerate what is already bad enough. Those were red days: they were days of brutish delirium.

The past year has witnessed many evil developments in our country — so many of them, indeed, that if our course is not changed we run the risk of verifying the pessimistic prediction that the victors in the late war will expire on the corpses of the vanquished. We have permitted the exaltation of victory to turn into the bitterness of domestic discord. We might have anticipated from a successful peace a growing sense of solidarity among the different social classes, a conviction of security and common vigor, a universal anticipation that, having overcome the tragedy of Caporetto, our nation would easily survive any other danger that might befall it. But we have permitted our controversies over foreign policy to poison the good relations of our own people. Our strained economic circumstances have been interpreted, not as a command to sobriety and labor, but as an excuse for prodigality and idleness. What were at first murmurs have risen to shrieks. The violent conflict of factions has scattered the embers of civil war. Strikes have become epidemic and are developing into revolts. The surface of society is torn asunder, revealing the molten lava at its base.

Crimes of violence have always been a serious evil in Italy. The habit of bloodshed, encouraged by the war, has been engrafted upon a dangerous predisposition already inherent in our race. Distress and disorders, following such experiences as Italy has suffered during the past four years, sharpen the thirst for blood and plunder, and release bestial instincts that lurk at the base of our society. So certain criminal propensities of our race, strengthened by the lessons of the war, have been quick to respond to anonymous agitators whom the recent red riots called forth from their obscurity. The regular leaders who originally planned these ill-advised demonstrations must now regard them with horror. Vagrant inciters of sedition, emerging from unknown haunts, mingled with the masses and assumed control at the critical moment. The appearance of such criminals is the only explanation for the infamous crimes of the last few days, which culminated in savagely hunting down officers of the law, and lynching an unfortunate colonel at Turin.

This is not the road that leads to salvation: it is the way to lose everything. Comfort and privation, respectively, may still be characteristics of two distinct social classes. If such tumults continue, they will indeed equalize the condition of all; but it will be an equality of paupers. Destroy the government, and middle classes and workingmen, landlords and tenants,

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conservatives and radicals will perish alike in the inundation of evil that will submerge civilization. There are people who never tire of hurling into our ears 'Down with war,' but do not hesitate to expose the entire nation to starvation and ruin.

Would not hesitate? Yes, they would not hesitate. To be sure, our radical deputies in Parliament are not very exultant just now. What they say, and in a still greater degree what they do not say, betrays a chill of fear, a sense of oppressive responsibility. We are not accustomed to abuse our political adversaries, but they must not think that our temperance of language was due to fear lest control of the masses should escape from the class to which we belong. Nor do we accuse our adversaries — at least, the best of them — of regarding these masses as mere pliant forces which they can use to gratify their personal ambitions. We believe they look upon the masses as their own flesh and blood. For this reason they cannot witness without horror the tendencies that now reveal themselves. They cannot look forward in cold blood to the probable future of a nation that is pursuing the course which our people have taken during the past few days. Men who hate war because they hate bloodshed, surely cannot close their eyes to that kind of Socialism and that doctrine of fraternity which does not scorn to attain its ends by a St. Bartholomew of government officials. The leaders of the workingmen cite the recent cessation of the strikes as a proof of the solidarity and the discipline of the proletariat. But the proletariat in several cities has answered after its own fashion, by dropping work again the following day and demonstrating, if such a thing were necessary, how easy it is to start a conflagration and how difficult to extinguish one. A fool can start an avalanche, but the strongest man cannot check its course.

Something more than this is necessary. Above all, we need honestly to examine our own conscience and to follow its dictates with resolution. The Catholics charge the Socialists with deliberately misleading the people. The Socialists retort by denouncing the pious Bolshevism of Miglioli. Are not both the accusers right? And what progress are we going to make by such mutual recrimination? Italy! You may call it 'a fatherland,' as we do, or 'a people' as the Catholics prefer, or 'the proletariat' as the Socialists demand. Does it not amount to the same thing whichever word you use? Is Italy not a historical and moral personification? Does a mere dispute about names justify such domestic strife, while the fatherland, or the people, or the proletariat — as you may prefer — is drifting rapidly into untold dangers? We are all in a position to do our bit for the common salvation. Let the Catholics abandon the pious Bolshevism of Miglioli. Let the Liberals dispense with their wordy fancies and with tactics as puerile as those of the students at Turin, who started a school strike because one of their companions was barbarously assassinated by the Bolsheviki. Let the Socialists — above all, the Socialists — who imagine that they have tamed the brute instincts of the masses when they have merely enchained them, bethink themselves before it is too late. Our people are an immature people; our government is an ancient government. We must rejuvenate the latter in the interests of the former; for the people themselves are maturing rapidly. Who are to hold this people in check, if not those who have removed the bit from its mouth? Who will be able to inspire the common people with wisdom, unless it be the

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ones who have already inspired them with folly? There is danger if the popular leaders do not keep a firm hand. If the Socialist newspapers continue to throw oil on the fire, while the Socialist deputies in Parliament are throwing water on the fire, the conflagration will continue to spread.

For more than a year we have been sounding the alarm. The governing classes should wake up and take action. They should not tolerate an indefinite postponement of peace and demobilization: or allow a few over-zealous and hot-headed patriots to lay mines that may blow up not only themselves, but all Italy. But we realize that the government is at a disadvantage in defending itself, when so many domestic enemies are ready to stab it in the back.

The Socialist leaders seem unaware that their delinquencies are as serious as those of the government. Who tried to make the Italian people believe that the European war was due to a conspiracy of the capitalists? Authentic documentary proofs are accumulating every day to prove that this guilt rests on Germany and Austria. Who tried to make the people believe that they could remain neutral? Those gentlemen refuse to read the confidential memoirs of Conrad. Did they not try to convince us that neutrality would be a national blessing? Let them look at Spain, which is balancing between anarchy and a rule of Janizeries. They describe Russia as a terrestrial paradise. But Lenin can make no headway except with the support of his opponents. They say that the Hungary of Bela Kun was a vice-paradise. But their own newspapers are forced to acknowledge that Hungary is voluntarily returning to the rule of the helmet and mitre, and that the Hungarian Socialist party is 'completely disorganized.' True, they have been able to win some votes by shouting against war and glorifying Russia, but they have set a wheel in motion which they cannot stop. They defamed the army, but they opened the way for a bloody pogrom against the officers of the government.

We are not so simple-minded and devoid of common sense as to expect a public confession of these faults. What good would it do, providing it were thinkable? But we ought to change our methods. We shall be forced to do so unless we wish some day to see our snake-charmers strangled by their own serpents. You gentlemen who profess to represent the masses in Parliament, bear in mind that if Italy falls the proletariat falls with it. Aye, the proletariat will be the first to fall. Repeat that to yourselves.

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[*The Neue Freie Presse, November 13, 1919*]

POLITICAL SENTIMENT IN GERMANY

A MEMBER of one of the Entente missions recently said to your correspondent: 'The greatest man which the war has produced is Noske.' When I inquired why he thought this, he said:

'Last January, Europe was on the very verge of Bolshevism. Noske is the man who rescued our hemisphere from that abyss.'

Noske himself is by nature such an unassuming and modest man, so practical and matter-of-fact in his make-up, that were he to hear this quoted he would protest vigorously against being considered the greatest man of the day, or even a great man. Nor is he in fact a great man. Indeed, if we use a term that has been somewhat cheapened of late to apply only to men of overpowering intellectual greatness, Noske is not a genius. He is merely a clear-headed, sensible citizen. He possesses that healthy common sense which every man in public life should have, and which serves the people far better than genius. Statesmen of genius are often most woeful leaders. Statesmen of common sense are never so. Noske's moral qualities are of the first order. He has great energy, courage, sense of duty, and candor. These are the qualities which have made a basket-maker of Brandenburg the savior of Germany and of Europe. That part of what the Entente diplomat said is unqualifiedly true.

Last January, the Spartacans were almost able to seize the reins of power. If Bolshevism had captured Berlin, it would have taken the rest of Western Europe. Noske was the man who prevented this immeasurable misfortune. A man who was in Berlin last January, when the repose of the night was broken by the constant spitting of machine guns, and the supporters of Liebknecht and Rosa Luxembourg were seeking to seize the imperial chancery, will never forget the day when Noske's troops, — the 'Noske-tiers,' as the Berliners later christened them,— that little army which Noske had created out of nothing, concentrated at the gates of Berlin at the critical moment and marched down Potsdam Street into the capital, bringing rescue when hope had almost vanished.

What he started last January he has perfected and completed subsequently. He has organized a National Guard. This small, but effective, army is firmly in the hands of the government. The members of that government, including even the Socialists — who hesitated at first, but learned by bitter experience that political life cannot continue without armed support — are determined to employ this military force whenever it is necessary for the sake of maintaining peace and order. That determination is one of the most important practical gains of the year. When the German army dispersed haphazard after the conclusion of the armistice — dismissed, as members of the old government have repeatedly told me themselves, because it could not be kept under the colors — Germany was defenseless. Now we have every reason to believe that it is adequately defended from internal enemies.

Danger from that particular source seems to be diminishing. The wave of

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radicalism has dashed itself to pieces. Its mad agitation reached such lengths as to disgust its own supporters. The faith of those, who in all the disorders of the year that lies behind us never lost hope that the sound common sense of German labor would finally revolt from the fallacies and follies of these radical leaders, has been justified. Many signs indicate that the influence of radicalism upon the German working people, after rising rapidly for a time, is now decidedly on the wane. The latest by-elections in Germany show a great falling off in radical votes. We are told that the subscription lists of some of the leading radical Socialist newspapers are by no means as large as formerly. Most important of all, the workingmen show a growing disinclination to obey the strike orders of the radical leaders. The general strike which the latter tried to start in Berlin recently, in connection with the machinists' strike, proved a complete fiasco. The working people are satiated with that sort of thing. They have finally learned that constant strikes injure not only the community as a whole, but also the participants. On the other hand, we are receiving from every part of Germany encouraging reports of an increase in industry and labor efficiency. Germany is already at work again — to be sure not yet up to its old mark, but making progress. Dislike of steady labor is one of the consequences of the war that still lingers. I would not have my readers think that we are going full steam ahead by any means, nor would I convey the impression that danger of a Communist Revolution has entirely disappeared, although it is greatly lessened.

One of the most effective pieces of propaganda against Bolshevism is the report of the trial of the assassins of the Munich hostages. The German working people shudder with abhorrence at the beastly brutality there exhibited by the Soviet leaders. The Communist party itself, although not large numerically, is divided into factions which fight each other quite as bitterly as they fight the bourgeoisie and the Majority Socialists. In spite of all that, we are not yet perfectly insured against a Communist revolt in Germany. Spartacanism survives, and there is reason to fear that the privations of the coming winter, that hunger and cold, may give it new life. That will be our critical season. A Socialist minister wisely said a few days ago that if the new government survived the winter, its safety was assured. After that, trouble may flare up here and there, but Noske and his national guard can master it.

But while the dangers threatening the young German republic from the left are lessening, those that threaten from the right are growing. There is no mistaking the fact that for some time a reactionary wave has surged through Germany. For a time after the complete collapse of the old régime the Conservatives and Pan-Germans disappeared completely from public view. The elections to the National Assembly were a crushing defeat for them. However, even that defeat did not dishearten them. They have reorganized and are now conducting an active agitation.

Let no one suppose that these Conservatives and Pan-Germans have learned any lessons from their country's frightful disaster. No, indeed. They are just what they were before, and they talk the same language that they did in the days of the Kaiser. Their political conceptions are of enviable simplicity. Germany's defeat was due entirely to the Socialists. The latter started a revolution that de-

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moralized the army and brought about the Peace of Versailles — a disgraceful peace, which only a Socialist government would sign.

You may be astounded that there are still men who hold these views after the experiences which the nation has gone through. The Peace of Versailles and the revolution are so obviously the result of German defeat — a defeat not due to the Social-Democrats, but to the military leaders who, in the summer of 1918, with a poorly fed and war-wearied army, ventured a great offensive against an enemy front strengthened by fresh American forces; to army leaders who did not know how to estimate the strength and effectiveness of the enemy tanks, and who refused to believe that Foch had a reserve army to break out suddenly from its forest lair upon the German flank. The persons responsible for German defeat are the military leaders, who ventured to inaugurate an unlimited submarine campaign, thinking to destroy England in three months — the men who made this foolhardy move in defiance of the cabinet and against the warnings of the German Ambassador in Washington. Responsibility for German defeat is shared by everyone in this country who supported a policy of fighting to the bitter end and defeated every peace effort of the government and the Reichstag. They are the men who blocked the intended mediation of President Wilson, who demanded annexations in a war where Germany was opposed to practically all the rest of the civilized world, and who were so completely blind to actual facts that they pursued these unattainable ends after the strength of the army and the courage of the nation were exhausted. The men who did these things were our military leaders and our Pan-Germans and Conservatives. Upon them rests responsibility for our defeat and not upon the shoulders of the Social-Democrats and the bourgeois parties. That is the truth.

We can readily understand why the Pan-Germans and Conservatives should feel it incumbent upon them to evade acknowledging this responsibility and try to impose it upon their political opponents. Those are the usual tactics of politics. But what we cannot understand is that this distorted interpretation of the events should begin to take root among the German people. However, that is apparently the case. There are many evidences that a Pan-German and a Conservative agitation, which, of course, is employing its old standby of attacking the Jews, is winning ground. Just how much ground it is difficult to say. We shall not know until the coming spring. However, present indications are that the reactionary parties will not be the small minority in the coming Assembly that they are to-day. However, it is unlikely that they will constitute a majority either in the next Reichstag or in any subsequent one. We may count upon the common sense of the German people to prevent that.

In any case, the drift toward Conservatism is the most significant fact in the political life of Germany just at present. It appears to be due less to approval of the Pan-German and Conservative programme than to dissatisfaction with the achievements of the past year. Radicalism seems to have played the same hand in the German revolution that it has in all previous revolutions, and assisted reaction. These radicals have been demanding the socialization of industry and the organization of Soviets. They have been instigating strike after strike; they have been threatening the security of private property and income;

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they have been disturbing the public peace, until at last a longing for law and order, for peace and quiet, has seized upon the mass of the population. One of the most important tasks of the government and of the parties now in power, is to prevent this dissatisfaction from turning against the republic itself. The ruling parties, including the Majority Socialists, have been statesmenlike enough to repudiate the extreme demands of radicalism, but they have made many concessions which circumstances forced upon them. The bourgeoisie also knew that it must make sacrifices, and that after such a war as we had fought, it was impossible to return to the old conditions. However, there is a limit to the sacrifices that the bourgeoisie will voluntarily make under any conditions. No government can exceed that limit without resistance. It often seems as though our new government was inclined to fall into the same error as the old government in respect to usurping undue authority. If taxes are made so high that a man derives practically no income from his property or his labor; if the shop committees are given such power that the employer is deprived of practically all, say in the administration of his business, the result quite possibly will be to drive so many into the reactionary camp that they will overthrow our free institutions.

So, the young German republic is pursuing a treacherous path between dangers on the left and dangers on the right. The dangers on the left, as we have said, seem to be diminishing. The dangers on the right are not to be despised, but with care, they also may be avoided. The situation of the present German government recalls that of the Directorate after the storms of the French revolution. That body likewise had to repel attacks from both radicals and royalists. This historical parallel is, to be sure, not very encouraging for the young German republic, for we know that Napoleon succeeded the Directorate. However, there seems little likelihood that a Napoleon will rise in modern Germany. The generals that it has at present are hardly up to Napoleon's stature, and are not likely to intimidate the administration. If the republic can keep alive but a few years and prove its capacity to survive the present crisis, its future is assured. The men at the head of the government are not statesmen of over-towering genius, but they are honest and well-intentioned. The administration frequently does things that savor of dilletantism and unworldliness. It will have to learn its trade. But there is no reason why the German bourgeoisie, and German working people should not eventually qualify to hold power as long as the Prussian Junkers did — that is for several centuries.

The difficulties are not insurmountable. The question upon which the survival of the republic really hinges is one inherited from the old régime. The debts of the German nation on April 1, 1920, will amount to two hundred and four billion marks. Will it be possible to carry this gigantic debt burden, and will political existence be possible so long as that burden exists?

A second point — in a few weeks Germany's enemies will ratify the Peace Treaty. A treaty will then go into effect which imposes upon Germany conditions most of which can never be fulfilled. No one can tell now what will happen if the Treaty of Versailles actually comes into force and Germany's former enemies demand that it be carried out. That would bring the German republic face to face with difficulties in comparison with which its previous trials have been but child's play.

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[*La Revue Baltique, December 15, 1919*]

ESTHONIA THROUGH FRENCH EYES

BY M. TERQUEM

I HAVE just spent a considerable period in Esthonia and I bring back very vivid impressions of the country. I have seen a government in operation that was only a few months old. I have dealt directly with cabinet officials with regard to very difficult questions. They handled these matters with a sobriety, a sense of justice, and a respect for democratic principles that would be commendable in a country where republican institutions had always existed. They were not intoxicated with power; they did not waste time with unnecessary formalities; there were no stately guards outside their ante-chambers. No, these high officials were simple, honest, hard-working burghers, who looked upon their office not as a mere title of distinction, but as a command to hard labor.

The messengers in the public buildings were little barefoot boys — for shoes and stockings are unattainably dear. Nothing is left of the horde of gorgeous loafers, smoking cigarettes and drinking tea, that characterized the old Russian administration. Everybody works hard. The office hours are short but intensely busy, after the English or American fashion. All these bureau chiefs and division heads — men and women, for there are many of the latter — seem interested solely in putting into effect a practical and economical scheme of administration. Common sense compensates for their inexperience. Many of these gentlemen have other occupations besides their official duties. A professor of my acquaintance works from 11 A.M. to 3 P.M. in a government office, and gives his courses in the University at other times.

The nation has substituted a constabulary system for professional police. These men are ordinary citizens with a white arm band. They carry a gun slung over their shoulders by a piece of cord, because leather is too scarce and too dear to be employed. They patrol their beats and perform their duties strictly but without harshness. You see unemployed workingmen, poorly clad and barefoot, mingling with well-to-do citizens on the street. But it is perfectly safe any time of the night in the remotest of the interminable suburbs of Reval. You can go about with no other risk than that of being stopped by a constable, who will ask for your pass if you are out after midnight. Unless you have your pass you will be promptly put in jail. There is no trifling with regulations.

Vigor and decision characterize the Esthonian Government. A cabinet composed of revolutionary Socialists takes just as rigorous measures against its political friends, if they try to start trouble, as against the Baltic Barons.

It is a national characteristic of the Esthonians to be very obstinate about having their way. They are energetic in doing what they have resolved upon, but very cautious in embarking upon a project. They are level-headed and logical. Their national character is exactly opposite that of the Russians, which is so engaging, but at bottom so feeble. They, therefore, form a nation consciously distinct — so much so that you are astounded that it should have been able to maintain itself intact under two centuries of Russian domination. As soon as circumstances permitted, it has resumed its ancient character. But it has acquired from the Russians some charming qualities. The people are good

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companions, simple, amiable, hospitable — so much so that a Frenchman feels almost ashamed of his own family reserve. They have the same ingenuousness, sincerity of mind, and democratic manner that most Russians possess.

This little country was devastated by the war; it passed through a crisis of Bolshevism; and finally it was overrun and occupied by the Teutons. But it has quickly recovered and is already making such headway against its difficulties as to awaken involuntary admiration.

Nobody denies the reality of Esthonian national sentiment. Russians of pure blood, who have resided in Esthonia since before the war, witness the revival of this sentiment with considerable surprise. But they frankly recognize its reality and regard it with sympathy. Russian refugees fleeing from the Bolsheviki are perhaps a little less just and sympathetic toward the Esthonians. But it is a universal experience that refugees are so embittered by their sufferings that they are unjust even to the country that gives them shelter. Those refugees who are now making the acquaintance of the Esthonians for the first time sometimes express indignation at the intensely national spirit of the latter. However, the country has only one inexorable enemy — that is the Baltic Barons, who owned two thirds of the soil before the recent expropriation, and who were the stanch supporters and friends of the German invaders whom the common people abhorred.

The Baltic Barons are trying to ingratiate themselves with some of the allied missions so as to deceive them as to the real situation and prevent their becoming intimate with the Esthonian people. In this land of simple habits, the Baltic Barons are the only men in a position to extend that old-fashioned manorial hospitality which is so seducing to a stranger. They play the country gentleman to perfection, and one can easily imagine the impressions of Esthonia and the Esthonians with which some innocent investigators leave the country, after having been passed from one German manor house to another, where they associated only with the Esthonians' hereditary enemies.

The campaign against the Baltic Barons is popular with the Russian refugees, but they have grievances of their own.

With that innocent zeal which is easily explained in a people who have controlled their own affairs but a few months and who are eager to assert their national character, the government has obliterated all German or Russian street names and signs. That is very inconvenient for people who cannot read Esthonian. However, the Esthonians have not gone as far as the Finns in this respect. You can talk Russian and anyone will listen. You can even use Russian in the government offices.

The Esthonians have no aggressive hostility to Russia. They are a nation of pacifists. They bear Russia no resentment and do not speak ill of the country. They merely want to be left alone. Their patriotism bears no observable trace of hatred of their former masters, to whom they are still bound by innumerable business, social, and family ties, and by many similar tastes. In this respect the Esthonians are very different indeed from the Finns, who are bitterly anti-Russian, or from the formerly subject nationalities of the old Austro-Hungarian monarchy, whose patriotism is measured by the intensity of their hatred of their neighbors and their desire for perpetual vengeance.

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Esthonia has made a considerable military effort to preserve the independence of its little country. With only 1,700,000 inhabitants, it has mobilized and equipped 70,000 troops in addition to the constabulary. It has organized a military academy where everyone is working very hard, and where the love of France is very strong.

Many Russians, and many friends of Russia, hold an idea, which is rapidly gaining ground, that that country cannot recover its strength except by a voluntary federation of its constituent peoples. The fear of encircling Russia and separating it from the sea by a chain of petty nations is unfounded. The Esthonians understand perfectly, as is shown by unimpeachable records, that they appreciate fully the fact that their country will always be an economic outpost of Petrograd. Esthonian factories work for Russian markets, and Esthonian farms nominally feed the population of the great Metropolis founded by Peter the Great. The Esthonians are practical people, and are not so hair-brained as to plan cutting off the trade from which they derive their support.

Esthonia simply wishes political independence. It has never dreamed that it could prosper separated commercially from Russia. It thinks that its own industries can be revived more rapidly under local control than by a distant and semi-alien government. But it hopes to continue its natural function as an ocean gateway to Russia, and as the provisioner of its northern capital.

Esthonia has imposed heavy burdens upon itself in order to realize its national ideal and to resist Bolshevism. Labor is very scarce on account of the mobilization and the exodus of Russian workers in advance of the German invasion. Consequently, many factories are closed. It is impossible to exploit the natural resources of Esthonia for this reason. Exports have declined to a minimum, at a time when the country is in urgent need of manufactured goods. Its currency is depreciating constantly. No way has been discovered to prevent this.

Within a month the English pound sterling has risen from 125 to 225 Esthonian marks, and the rise continues. Some try to explain this on the theory that the Baltic Barons, realizing that the game is up for them, are disposing of their property at a sacrifice and buying any foreign bills or securities they can get.

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[*Neue Zürcher Zeitung, December 22, 1919*]

EGYPT'S PLEA FOR INDEPENDENCE

EGYPT is beginning to occupy public attention both in neutral countries and in France and England. The vigorous representations made by the Egyptian delegation in London and at the Paris Peace Conference tended to make its aspirations no longer a purely English but also an international question. The constant disorders and revolts of the past year have now caught popular attention. Everyone recognizes the great material and administrative benefits which Egypt has derived from English rule. That country's control of the Suez Canal was a decisive advantage for the Allies in the war. Public opinion in France may sympathize with the demands of the Egyptians, but this is solely for ideal reasons. It is not a sentiment that would be permitted to disturb the friendly relations and mutual confidence between England and France, which the latter's fear of political isolation makes a first consideration in all its policies. However, the frank expression of public sentiment is a trait of free peoples. A League for Human Rights has been organized at Paris in behalf of the Egyptians; but its proceedings are characterized by great tact and moderation.

The first meeting of the League was very largely attended. The chairman opened the session by recalling to his auditors that the purpose of the French revolution was to guarantee the rights and liberties of every nation, and that this revolution itself was due to political ideals originally received from England. The discord that had, unhappily, arisen between the English Government and the Egyptian people was due to a profound misunderstanding. French democracy, therefore, sought to act as a friendly counselor to both parties and to enlighten the world as to the actual situation. If the English people once learn the real depth of the national movement in Egypt, and the uselessness of military repression, they will spontaneously insist upon a liberal solution of the difficulty. The second speaker recalled the example of the Boer War, where for a time bitter national animosity divided the two nations. Notwithstanding this, England's wise policy had brought about a complete reconciliation and the beneficent coöperation of the two peoples. An Egyptian attorney from Alexandria followed with a dispassionate description of the independence movement in his country.

The Egyptians have always felt themselves distinct from the Turkish nation. They are a people with an independent history and culture. They had attained political and military autonomy early in the nineteenth century. The labor of national reconstruction had been profoundly influenced by France.

The London Convention of 1840 was the Magna Charta upon which Egypt to-day based its case before the Allied nations. In several subsequent international negotiations Egypt was recognized as an independent government. For instance, the Suez Canal Treaty of 1869 and the Sudan Treaty of 1877 implied Egyptian autonomy. Then followed the disturbances of 1881, which were due in the first instance to Turkish discrimination against Egyptian officers and the national resentment

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that followed. England intervened to protect European interests, inviting the assistance of France. The latter country committed the great error of refusing its coöperation. England proceeded very cautiously at first, and adopted the rôle of the savior of Egyptian civilization from its arch enemies. However, its provisional occupation gradually assumed the form of permanent possession. Innumerable promises by English statesmen might be quoted, assuring Egypt that British troops would be withdrawn as soon as the safety of natives and foreigners in that country permitted. In 1884 Gladstone fixed the date of withdrawal at four years later. Salisbury declared: 'We desire neither to establish a protectorate over Egypt nor to occupy that country permanently, for this would violate our promises. The war of 1914 had been accompanied by a direct repudiation of this statesman's words.

The Egyptians loyally supported the Allies. They were ready to give all possible military assistance, provided that their independence was recognized after the war. Indeed, they formally proposed this to the high commissioner in Cairo. Later, when Turkey joined the Central Powers, the Egyptians repeated their proposal. This time England replied by declaring Egypt a Protectorate. The Egyptians assumed that this was a provisional war measure and accommodated themselves to the situation, supplying both financial and military aid to the Allies. Their army was employed successfully in the defense of the Suez Canal against the Turks; it fought in Sudan against the Senussi; and Egypt contributed auxiliary forces to the Arabian campaign.

The Egyptian budget of 1917 carried an item of three million pounds sterling for war expenses. Egypt furnished one million two hundred thousand men for English auxiliary units, to guard transportation routes and build railways in Palestine. General Allenby stated publicly that Egypt had contributed materially to the success of his campaign.

The Egyptian people, therefore, looked forward to the conclusion of peace with great hope. They greeted the armistice as the dawn of their liberation. Their first national delegation was sent to London, where a British commission received them and listened to their plea. The speaker said: 'We Egyptians were so confident in the justice of our case that we did not consider it necessary to appeal to the Peace Conference. We expected England honestly to abide by its ancient promises.'

Instead of that, the English Government insisted on continuing its protectorate, and caused this to be affirmed in the Treaty of Versailles. The resentment and disappointment in Cairo were indescribable. Demonstrations occurred which were at first entirely peaceful. They were limited to cheering for the Egyptian people and for the Allies. But the English officials employed troops to disperse the demonstrators and bitterness seized upon the nation. Disorders began to break out all over the country. A new ministry was formed and for a time quiet was restored.

A second delegation, consisting of members of Parliament and prominent men in private life, proceeded to France in the hope of winning the support of the Peace Conference for their cause. However, the latter refused, for reasons easily understood, to receive them.

Weary of being repulsed by governments and high officials, advocates of Egyptian freedom appealed to public opinion of Europe and America, receiving a more sympathetic reception.

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The English Government was forced to take action. The press of that country demanded it. A commission of inquiry was appointed to study upon the ground the cause of these disturbances. The people were told that a constitution was to be provided under which Egypt would cease to be a Protectorate and would gradually receive the right of self-government. But the Egyptians are offering passive resistance to any commission composed exclusively of Englishmen, asserting that no inquiry is necessary to prove that the presence of British troops is resented by the nation. The cabinet threatened to resign if the commission set foot on Egyptian soil.

New demonstrations and outbreaks occurred which were suppressed with machine guns. The delegates selected to represent the people were arrested, but later set free. A native Christian was substituted for the previous Mohammedan premier. But he did not exhibit the zeal against Islamism that was expected, and proved to be inspired by the same patriotic sentiment as his predecessor.

To-day the Egyptians will be satisfied with only one thing — independence. Their agitation has been misrepresented. Opponents have characterized their movement as hostile to Christianity, as Pan-Islam, and as pro-German. None of these charges is true. The Mohammedans and Christians are a unit. The national banner flies above either the Crescent or the Cross. Coptic priests and Jewish rabbis are preaching the brotherhood of all Egyptians in the mosques, while Muftis declare the common love of country in Christian churches. Egypt entered the war an autonomist government. It will emerge from the present crisis independent. It trusted in the ideals proclaimed by the Allies and suffered for those ideals. The day has passed when nations can be disposed of like chattels.

The closing words of the Egyptian orator were received with thunderous applause: 'The Egyptian nation is conscious of its own worth. It is the cradle of civilization. It is the original mother of your culture. The countries of the West respect it for its past. Alexandria was the lighthouse of the Middle Ages. Now, in the age of democracy we shall not appeal in vain for right and justice. We count upon the free nations of France and America. We count, above all, upon liberal England to aid us. There is an old eastern proverb: "A brave man keeps his promises." England has proved during the last five years that it is a brave nation. We expect it to make good the rest of the proverb.'

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[*L'Action Francaise, December 18, 1919*]

WHERE PEACE FAILS

BY JACQUES BAINVILLE

'STRASSBOURG spire and the Balkan peninsula control the diplomacy of Europe,' was a common saying until the armistice. Alsace-Lorraine and the Near East formerly condemned Europe to ruinous military expenditures and to rivalries that prophesied war. To-day the Tricolor floats over Strassbourg spire. The Supreme Council can settle the question of the Near East in accordance with the desire of the people who dwell there. The elimination of Russia has only facilitated this. For, if the Western Allies have not been able to agree on the peace terms with Turkey after nearly fourteen months, how long would they have taken to settle this question if the great Russian empire had shared the victory with them and now sat at their council table?

If the peace of Europe had depended solely upon the liberation of Alsace-Lorraine and of the various nationalities that composed the empires of the Romanoffs and the Hapsburgs, and if the removal of the ancient rivalries between the cabinets of Petrograd and Vienna had been all that was necessary to secure tranquillity, our old continent would already enjoy repose. Its people, exhausted by the war, would be binding up their wounds and joining industriously in the work of reconstruction. That spirit which makes nations prey upon each other would not have vanished entirely. But that vast predatory organization which we named 'armed peace,' and which was the one true monument of so-called nineteenth century progress, would no longer exist. The slogan 'War against War' had no other meaning. The expression so often heard from 1914 to 1918, 'the last war,' signified — if it meant anything — that Europe would be liberated from the burden of vast standing armies.

But if these great standing armies and compulsory service are still as necessary as they were before the democratic nations of the world won their great victory, what good has the war done? Obviously we have not utilized the results of our success. That proves that we should not have directed our regard to Strassbourg spire and the Balkan peninsula alone, nor even to Poland, but mainly to Berlin, Dresden, Munich, and some other places in Germany. Until very recently the boldest among us did not demand more than a vague autonomy for Poland. If we failed to comprehend the Polish problem until very late, and then but incompletely, what shall we say of the German problem, which we have not seen at all? The truth is that all the other international problems, including that of disarmament, are but functions of this German problem.

The survival of a powerful German state rendered inevitable the continuation of vast military preparations by all the countries which have the unhappy privilege of being its neighbors. Sixty millions of Germans will not resign themselves to paying a regular tribute of several billions, for from thirty to fifty years, to only forty millions of Frenchmen, if the French are not able for every moment of that period to force the Germans to do so. Sixty millions of Germans will not accept as final the curtailment of their frontiers on the east, the division of the two Prussias, and their separation from Königsburg by the Danzig corridor, if Poland does not constantly keep under arms a large and effective army, assured on the instant of the support of the armies of France. Sixty millions of Germans, with ac-

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complices in Hungary, will laugh at any obstacle presented by the little Czecho-Slovak state, if Bohemia likewise has not strong military forces with the same support from France that the Poles require. The new and great Germany, last of all, is bound sooner or later to obey the law of its history and of nature, and surge forward toward the Adriatic. It will again seize Trieste, if Italy does not guard with powerful forces its redeemed city.

In a word, the survival of German unity is the survival of the masterpiece of Bismarck. It forces Europe to play after the Bismarckian lead. Again the nations are summoned to arm themselves, as they were following 1891. Even those that like England, protected by its girdle of seas, believe that they can dispense with compulsory service, will soon learn anew that they cannot trust their safety to a mercenary or volunteer establishment. Even leaving Europe out of account, Germany, that eternal instigator of hatred and discord, will employ its remaining strength to stir up trouble throughout the world, and to render uneasy England's control of its vast possessions.

So we see the nations condemned to arm again, to summon their youth anew to the barracks. The movement that continued with increased acceleration from 1871 to 1914, pursues its old course. Competition in armaments is resumed. But there is a serious element in the situation that did not exist before. During the period of stability and prosperity between 1871 and 1914 the wealth of the world was increasing at an unprecedented rate, and governments were able to carry the burden of enormous military expenses. Even then they found the burdens crushing. To-day most of our material wealth has vanished. We must build up our fortunes again from the beginning. Public credit has sunk to depths unknown before in modern history. We do not tell the whole story in saying that a great war budget would check the restoration of national credit. The question is whether financial rehabilitation is possible at all with heavy army expenditures.

Of course one could argue that Germany is even worse off than we in that regard. But if Germany despairs of reëstablishing its credit and balancing its budget, will it not have recourse to a policy of desperation? Will the people not say to themselves: 'We are ruined anyway. Let us finish the job and take the chance of destroying the treaty which imposes this tribute upon us. As it is we accumulate riches only to surrender them to our conquerors. Let us give them iron instead of gold.' So Germany may be persuaded to a counsel of violence by its own extremity. In doing this, it will have a certain advantage over the nations who are painfully trying to restore order to their affairs.

Two months ago Mr. Gioletti in an address at Dronero, where he defended his former policy of maintaining Italy's neutrality, said: 'Since we have not a secure peace, we bear not only the nightmare of a popular war menace, but we face immediate ruin. Forced to revert to a policy of heavy armaments, we are rushing headlong into public bankruptcy.'

In saying this Mr. Gioletti was trying to make the war responsible for a condition which is really due to a bad peace. It is already a serious situation when the character of the Peace Treaty affords arguments to support the views of men who — like Gioletti and Lord Lansdowne — have always predicted that the war would bring no advantage to the victors but only serve for their ruin.

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The new Parliament in France is faced by the problem of providing for army organization at the same time that it is trying to place our finances upon a solid basis. The two tasks are inseparable. What was true in the day of Thiers is still true to-day. Whether or not we meet them successfully depends upon the security of France, the stability of Europe, and in the last analysis upon how we deal with the German problem.

Now these two features of our reconstruction will not be discussed in public until the Treaty of Peace is actually in force. That peace is in fact a bill which we are called upon to pay. But since the Treaty of Peace has been drafted without considering what its effect would be, it is impossible to balance our receipts and expenditures without knowing what Germany is going to do, and what we shall do with Germany. So we find that foreign policy continues to control our home affairs.

[*Hamburger Nachrichten, December 6, 1919*]

NORWAY BANS ALCOHOL

THE temperance movement is now militant throughout the world. Norway has just followed America as the second land to prohibit alcohol. The recent popular vote in that country ended, to the complete surprise of the public, in a victory for the Prohibitionists. Foreigners are apt to mistake Christiania for Norway. That city was strongly in favor of the saloons. The newspapers, likewise, were lined up on the side of the liquor dealers and the devotees of a strong nip now and then, and conducted a violent propaganda against the measure, while the temperance people were remarkably quiet. In spite of that, the Prohibitionists won. Their victory was due to the votes of the women.

This is the third time in the history of Norway that a general referendum has been taken. The first time resulted in the separation from Sweden. The second time the country decided between the republican and a monarchical form of government. But in neither of these instances did the women vote. This is the first time they have cast their ballots, and they have turned the election. Complete figures show that the Prohibitionists received a majority of nearly 110,000 votes out of a total of 660,000 ballots cast. Under the new law the sale of very light wines and of an official beer of minimum alcoholic content is still permitted.

In Christiania, which was their stronghold, the opponents of prohibition fought the contest with extraordinary bitterness. They adopted the battle cry—'Stem nei' (Vote No). On the first balloting day a man carrying a big placard inscribed with 'Vote Yes,' marched down the principal street of Christiania, Carl Johans. Gaden. People merely laughed at him and jeered him, for the wets felt absolutely sure that they would win. The following day thousands of handbills were circulated by the opponents of prohibition. They were hung in windows, pasted on carts, and fairly covered the ground. Students sped about in automobiles hurling confetti, on which was printed 'No,' at the people they passed. Even the dogs wore little blankets on their backs bearing the same inscription. For one 'Yes' you saw at least a thousand 'Nos.' But when you got to the balloting places, you found the sentiment just the reverse. The steady procession of women was a demonstration eloquent in its silence. They decided the day. When the result was known, the wets were beside themselves with anger.

Everyone familiar with Norwegian

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conditions, realizes that it is impossible to predict the practical results of this important measure. The men who want liquor will manage to procure it, just as they do in America. Clandestine distilling will probably continue, especially in the remoter country districts, where men will not dispense with strong liquor. Many people doubt whether there will be much improvement in morals, but everyone recognizes that the public revenue will be affected.

[*L'Illustrazione Italiana, December 21, 1919*]

ITALY IN ANATOLIA

BY GIUSEPPE BORGHETTI

When the Allies began to discuss the compensations that each should receive in case of victory, shortly after we entered the war, it was recognized that Italy, as a great Mediterranean power, had a just claim to adequate expansion in Asia Minor, in the departments of Smyrna and Konia. Smyrna could not be excluded because it has the only real port in Western Anatolia, nor Konia because the occupation of this province controlled the railway communications that command the highways radiating from the coast.

Instead of this, the Greeks now occupy Smyrna. We are in Konia, indeed, but in company with the French. These few words are sufficient to show that our zone of occupation does not correspond to our fair claims. However, the famous 'mandates' have not yet been distributed by the Supreme Council, which has the final decision in the matter. Furthermore, Turkey has exhibited a striking revival of national sentiment since Greek troops were landed at Smyrna, and will listen to no talk of mandates. Consequently, the fate of Anatolia still hangs in the balance.

Our soldiers have received a cordial and encouraging welcome, and within the narrow limits we occupy, our political plans are making excellent progress. At a time when a Holy War has been proclaimed to liberate Anatolia from the Greeks, and when the entire Moslem world is profoundly agitated even beyond the boundaries of ancient Turkey and as far as Egypt and India, because the English gave arms to the Greeks and permitted them to disembark at Smyrna; and while the feeling against the French is still bitter because they bombarded the Anatolian coast and ravaged the country during the war, cordial gratitude is shown the Italians, accompanied by sincere proffers of friendship and of both political and economic coöperation.

This favorable attitude toward us was caused, in the first place, by the fact that we disembarked troops in order to prevent the Greeks from overrunning the whole country. If we had not been there, the Greek regiments would not have stopped beyond Meandro; for the Turks, having been obliged to dismiss all their armies by the armistice agreement, had no way to stop them.

Furthermore, the natives of the country show great appreciation for the good work we are doing there.

The native roads of Anatolia are impracticable for vehicles. They are caravan trails suited to the slow and cautious steps of a camel, mere haphazard paths winding their way through the country, deviating for every gully and detouring around every hill. The Turks are never in a hurry, least of all when they are traveling with a numerous retinue of wives and servants. Our soldiers immediately began to improve these roads, and promptly put them in passable condition. To-day, our postoffice motor cars will cover in an hour distances for

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which the Turks were accustomed to take a day on the back of a camel. From Adalia to Burdur is one hundred and twenty kilometres. The caravans require six days to cover the distance. Our motors do it in six hours, although the roads are still far from perfect.

Another thing that won the sympathy and gratitude of the Turks was the aid we gave to the refugees from Smyrna and Aidin. These unfortunates fled from their country in terror of the Greek invasion, to the number of many thousands. They did not feel secure until they were within our lines, but having arrived there, they refused to go further.

These are the causes that have inspired the present happy relations between our soldiers and the people of the country, and are encouraging the development of the natural resources in which this land abounds.

I visited a number of Italian public institutions in Adalia. These include a hospital, a boys' school, and a girls' school. Just now, our authorities are devoting their energies to improving the exchange situation. The Commercial Bank has already established a branch here, which is making profitable connections throughout the country.

Adalia has more than thirty thousand inhabitants. Its site is a natural amphitheatre, one hundred and fifty metres above the sea. The city is bounded by battlemented towers, which still keep fresh the memory of its ancient Roman and Genoese fortifications; while the luxuriant vegetation of the surrounding country frames the town in a mass of brilliant color.

The city is rapidly becoming an emporium for all the agricultural products of Anatolia. Corn, sesame, oats, and barley are harvested twice a year. Cotton and tobacco are produced in great quantities. Large herds of cattle, sheep, and goats graze in the neighboring mountains. Then, we have coming from great distances, loads of ore brought in little bags on the backs of camels. These include iron, pyrites, copper, emery, and a hard brilliant lignite resembling coal. The earth is merely scratched as yet. But a third of the arable land is under cultivation, and the mines have hardly begun to be exploited.

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[*The National Review*]

HENRY FIELDING AS AN EIGHTEENTH CENTURY MAGISTRATE

BY H. C. BIRON

A FEW years ago Scotland Yard turned its attention to literature, and was very much shocked. Prosecutions followed, and in the course of one of these inquiries the intelligent constable was asked, with the view of testing his critical qualities, whether he considered *Tom Jones* an immoral work. With all the courage of his anticipated conviction, he answered, 'Yes.' He was then asked whether he knew it had been written by a Bow Street magistrate. Good sense prevailed — the prosecution was laughed out of court, and Scotland Yard returned to the more suitable occupation of thief-catching. The prosecution, at any rate, served two useful purposes. It taught the police to leave literature alone and reminded the public of what many of them had forgotten, that Henry Fielding, in the course of his short but busy life, did admirable work as a London magistrate.

The improvidence of writers has always been a theme of reproach, and most unfairly. If a man lives from hand to mouth, even if the hand has a pen in it, he can hardly be blamed for spending money upon the rare occasions when he gets it. As a character says in *Bleak House* with excellent sense, 'What is the use of living economically if you have not any money?' It is only with an assured position that prudence, that unfriendly virtue, begins to make itself felt. Captain Booth is not far wrong when he says in *Amelia*, 'You can receive favors only from the generous, and, to be plain with you, there are very few who are generous that are not poor.'

We may be justified in doubting whether even wealth could have dulled the edge of Fielding's generosity, but, after all, the position he sought and obtained has never been rewarded with an excessive emolument, and in those days the most that such an office could bring in was about £500 a year, earned in such a way as to be intolerable to a man of right feeling. What Fielding wanted was not wealth, but enough to relieve him from the incessant anxieties of one who lives and maintains a family on his wits, even on such wits as those of the author of *Tom Jones*. His view of a comfortable fortune would nowadays seem modest, if not exiguous. When Amelia regained her money out of which she had been bubbled by her dishonest sister, on the interest of which she lived in complete happiness with a husband and six children, her entire fortune amounted only to some £10,000, although there was also Captain Booth's half-pay and the £2000 'in plate and jewelery' he prevented Miss Harris taking to France.

That Fielding's thoughts should have turned in the direction of a magisterial appointment is not surprising. Through his mother he had legal connections. Sir Henry Gould, his grandfather on her side, was a judge of the High Court, and it was in his house that the future magistrate was born.

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At Eton he had formed acquaintance with many of the leading men of the day, upon whose interest he was entitled to rely. When he returned from completing his education at the University of Leyden, and found himself in receipt of an allowance of £200 a year from his father, he may well have looked forward to a serious attack on the legal profession.

Unfortunately, there was a drawback to the allowance,— for those days a generous provision,— and that was the serious one that it does not seem ever to have been paid. In such case, the young man did as so many brilliant young men have done before and since, and turned to the quicker if more precarious resource of writing for a living.

In those days the business of novel writing had hardly begun, and the stage was the opportunity for intelligent youth in search of bread and butter. From 1728 till 1736 he wrote a great number of plays, many of which were successful, but even as a playwright his principal distinction was legal, as his dramatic pieces were the direct cause of the censorship of plays by the Lord Chamberlain being introduced into the theatre, not, oddly enough, on account of their freedom, which was remarkable even in the eighteenth century, but their politics, which were intolerable to the government of the day. This, and his marriage in 1735 to Miss Cradock of Salisbury, turned his attention again to the law, and in 1737 he entered in the Middle Temple, was called in 1840, and, like Arthur Pendennis, had chambers in Pump Court.

There can be little doubt that he worked hard at his profession. He went the Western Circuit and the Wiltshire Sessions. But it was too late. Literature was in his blood. Law and literature may be nearly akin, but not so nearly as to be within the prohibited degrees.

There is internal evidence to show that Fielding made a serious study of law. His books are full of legal points, and two large manuscript volumes dealing with criminal law were compiled by him and remained in his brother's possession when he, in turn, became a magistrate; but no one who had enjoyed, as he had, the savor of success as a writer could tolerate the drudgery essential to practice at the Bar, and in 1741 *Pamela* provoked that most famous of all travesties, *Joseph Andrews*. It is remarkable that the poet Gray notices of the author: 'He shows himself well read in stage-coaches, country squires, and Inns of Court.' But one can only hope the country justices depicted in that work were more the children of imagination rather than experience. Indeed, his future office had so far received but scant appreciation at his hands.

The name Justice Squeezum, the 'Justice caught in his own trap,' of *The Coffee-House Politicians*, explains itself. His amiable theory is that the makers of laws and the executors of them should be free of them, as the authors and actors are free of the Playhouse.' Still, he meets his deserts at the hands of his brother, Justice Worthy, who points out that 'he is the greatest of villains who hath the impudence to hold the Sword of Justice while he deserves the edge,' and brushing on one side Squeezum's plea, 'he is the greatest of fools who holds the Sword of Justice and hurts himself with it,' promises to make a public example 'of so great a villain.' *The Coffee-House Politicians* may be recommended to anyone in search of amusement, except the Censor, and the most humorous part, the Coffee-House Politician himself is quite free from offense.

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In the future magistrate's play, with the engaging title of *The Debauchees, or the Jesuit Caught*, old Jourdain confesses his sins to Father Martin, 'a black roll,' as he very fairly describes them, ranging leisurely as they do from murder through the rest of the decalogue. The climax of his villainy is thus revealed, 'and yet what are these to what I have done since I commenced merchant? What have I not done to get a penny? I insured a ship for great value, and then cast it away. I broke when I was worth a hundred thousand livres and went over to London. I settled there, renounced my religion, and was made a Justice of the Peace,' in which capacity, he admits, 'with the whores of Babylon did I unite. I protected them from Justice: gaming houses and bawdy houses did I license, nay, and frequent too. I never punished any vice but poverty.'

In *The Covent Garden Tragedy* Gallono says to Mother Punchbowl, a disreputable person, as, indeed, most of his stage characters were:

> Bridewell shall be thy fate. I'll give a crown
> To some poor justice to transmit thee thither.

But while Fielding's plays must not be taken too seriously, Mr. Thrasher, who tried Captain Booth, in *Amelia* is another matter. The book was written after his appointment. That eminent magistrate certainly had 'some few imperfections in his magisterial capacity.' His ignorance of law was his least failing. The fact that he was 'never indifferent in a cause but when he could get nothing on either side,' and that he had 'too great an honor for truth to suspect that she ever appeared in sordid apparel,' combined to convict the unlucky captain, who is dispatched to prison while 'the Justice and the constable adjourned to a neighboring ale-house to take their morning repast.'

Fielding was appointed a magistrate in 1748. The publication of a volume of his miscellaneous writings and some political journalism helped him through the struggling years. In 1745 he started a journal called the *True Patriot*. It was published when the Pretender was almost at Derby, and did its best to influence public opinion against the rebels. It was succeeded, in 1847, by the *Jacobite Journal*, in which Fielding employed unsparingly his humorous power in ridiculing the Jacobite party. Fielding's politics were perfectly honest. He was a sound, old-fashioned Whig, with a healthy dislike of foreigners and Papists, but their vigorous expression may well have helped to obtain for him the position he sought. It may be doubted whether Fielding had studied the nature of the position very carefully.

What he probably had in mind was a certain income which would keep him from actual want while leaving him leisure for his literary work. If not the realization of the youthful ideal of his poem to Walpole:

> If you should ask what pleases best,
> To get the most and do the least,
> What fittest for? You know, I'm sure,
> I'm fittest for a sinecure —

as near to it as mature experience of an ungrateful world could, in reason, hope for. The actual emoluments were uncertain. His predecessor is said to have boasted of earning £1000 a year, and the position seems to have been regarded as a lucrative one. Fielding would seem to have accepted this view without much inquiry and in ignorance of how the money was made.

It must have been a sad disillusion. He says in his *Voyage to Lisbon:* 'My private affairs at the beginning of the winter had but a gloomy aspect, for I had not plundered the public or the

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poor of those sums which men who are always ready to plunder both as much as they can, have been pleased to suspect me of taking. On the contrary, by composing, instead of inflaming, the quarrels of porters and beggars (which I blush when I say hath not been universally practised), and by refusing to take a shilling from a man who most undoubtedly would not have had another left, I had reduced an income of about £500 a year of the dirtiest money on earth to little more than £300,' and as he goes on to point out, this income had also to provide for his clerk. In addition he received a pension yearly out of the public service money, but, apparently, not a large one, as the opportunities of the position were apparently recognized by the tolerant authorities as legitimate.

It was an age of 'trading justices,' the meaning of which was not that the justices took bribes, but that they were paid by a percentage on fees, and not by salary, and, therefore, the more they could increase the work the better pecuniary result for themselves. A more vicious system short of actual venality could hardly be imagined. It certainly did not tend to make the position either popular or respected, and it is to be feared that Mr. Thrasher in *Amelia* is hardly an exaggeration of the general idea of the magistrate of the period.

At the time of his appointment Fielding was no longer young, broken in health, and in sad want of fortune. It would not have been surprising if an easygoing man of the world, graduated in no prudish school, had accepted the situation with philosophy, and made of his new office as far as practical the lucrative sinecure of his early dreams. This was not Fielding's way, and it is to his eternal credit that he set vigorously to work as a reformer, and at great pecuniary sacrifice to himself managed in five years to raise the office from the mire. After all, he was only embodying the moral lesson of his books that the world is divided into goats and sheep, the good and bad.

The man sound at heart does not become bad merely from occasional lapses; if his heart is in the right place he may be trusted to come right in the end. Tom Jones will never become a Blifil. With all Fielding's prodigality and moral elasticity, he preserved an innate sense of justice and a hatred of oppression which made a system impossible to him which a smugger citizen might have accepted without question. One feels that Blifil, from a pecuniary point of view, would have made a better business of it.

The London the peace of which he was now called upon to preserve, was in a parlous state. A discredited magistracy and feeble watch were trying in vain to hold in check a turbulent and criminal population. The watchmen are described in *Amelia:* 'Who, having to guard our streets by night from thieves and robbers, are chosen out of those poor, old, decrepit people who are, from their want of bodily strength, rendered incapable of getting a livelihood by work. These men, armed only with a pole, which some of them are scarce able to lift, are to secure the persons and houses of His Majesty's subjects from the attacks of gangs of young, bold, stout, desperate, and well-armed villains.' As the author goes on to point out: 'If the poor old fellows should run away from such enemies, no one, I think, can wonder, unless it be that they were able to make their escape.'

Such was the only police force available in a city of close upon a million inhabitants. It was a time of riot, robbers, and highwaymen. If property was stolen, its late owners advertised for it, unblushingly stating that no

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questions should be asked. A sinister clan existed, of whom Jonathan Wild was the extreme example, who were in both camps. The heads of gangs of thieves, they kept on good terms with authority by occasionally betraying their subordinates, and made a double profit out of the public by first robbing them, and then getting back for them at a price a portion of the property they had already stolen. Law was helpless. Fielding tells us, 'Officers of justice have owned to me that they have passed by with warrants in their pockets against men without daring to apprehend them, and, indeed, they could not be blamed for not exposing themselves to sure destruction, for it is a melancholy truth that, at this very day, a rogue no sooner gives the alarm within certain purlieus than twenty or thirty armed villains are found ready to come to his assistance.'

Face to face with these conditions, Fielding proved himself an admirable magistrate. He dealt fearlessly and impartially with the individual criminal, and endeavored to remove some of the causes which created this class. He had not been six months on the bench when he was chosen Chairman for the Westminster Sessions, where he delivered his charge to the Grand Jury, which was so well received that it was published 'by order of the Court and at the unanimous request of the gentlemen of the Grand Jury.' It is certainly an excellent piece of work, containing much learning and good sense, and is one of the best expositions of the uses of that modest body which seems to spend most of its time in deploring its own existence, even in a state of suspended animation. After this success his talents were employed in a more practical direction.

A three days' riot broke out in the Strand, beginning with a quarrel in a disorderly house, where a drunken sailor said he had been robbed, and ending in the wrecking and burning of two buildings and a portion of a third. Fielding who had been away when the disorder began, on his return acted with great promptitude. While addressing the mob with great vigor from his house in Bow Street, he took the precaution to send for a sufficient force of the military to guard against the mischief spreading, and in twelve hours managed to restore the peace.

The execution of one of the rioters named Bosavern Penlez aroused a good deal of controversy, and the government of the day was severely attacked. Fielding had all the facts in his possession, and made excellent use of them. His pamphlet, *A True State of the Case of Bosavern Penlez, who suffered on account of the late riot in the Strand, in which the Law regarding these offenses and the Statute of George III, commonly called the Riot Act, are fully considered*, was a complete justification as unanswerable as the rhetorical question of which it is an amplification: 'When, by our excellent institution, the greatest subject, no, not even the King himself, can, without a lawful trial and conviction, divest the meanest man of his property, deprive him of his liberty, or attack him in his person, shall we suffer a licentious rabble to be accuser, judge, jury, and executioner, to inflict corporal punishment, break open men's doors, plunder their houses, and burn their goods?'

The ordinary work of his court must have kept him fairly busy. In February, 1750, it was stated in the press that the jails in and about London were so full of felons and desperate rogues that 'the keepers have not fetters enow to put on them, so that in some prisons two or three are chained together to prevent their escape,' and in the same month the *General Advertiser* states that 'near forty high-

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waymen, street robbers, burglars, rogues, vagabonds, and cheats have been committed within a week past by Justice Fielding.'

Fielding was very sensible of the difficulty of obtaining evidence in street offenses, and endeavored to treat the difficulty by requesting, by public advertisement, all persons who have been robbed and their servants to attend 'Justice Fielding at his house in Bow Street, to see if they could identify prisoners under examination.' Fielding had only been a few months on the bench before he drafted a bill which he submitted to Lord Hardwicke, who was then Lord Chancellor, 'for the better preventing of street robberies.'

Nothing seems to have come of this for the moment, but in 1751 he published a book dedicated to Lord Hardwicke: *An inquiry into the causes of the late increase of robbers, etc., with some proposals for remedying the growing evil, in which the present Reigning Vices are impartially exposed and the Laws that relate to the provision for the poor and to the punishment of felons are largely and freely examined.* He attributes the increase of crime: (1) To the unnecessary and increasing number of places of public amusement, which induce the working classes to squander their money and time; (2) 'A new kind of drunkenness unknown to our ancestors,' which turns out to be 'gin drinking'; (3) Gambling — 'a school in which most highwaymen of great eminence have been bred' (which reads like a quotation from *Jonathan Wild*); (4) The condition of the poor and the demoralizing condition of contemporary prison life.

Among other practical suggestions, he makes one the prohibition of advertisements offering rewards for stolen property, 'with no questions asked'; also legislation for regulating the conditions under which pawnbrokers carried on their business; and the allowance of expenses and compensation to prosecutors in order to encourage the undertaking of proceedings by those who have been robbed. Most of these suggestions have long been adopted, but were first put in practical form by Henry Fielding. Another scandal, in considering which he was far in advance of his age, was the frequency of public executions.

There was no false sentiment about Fielding as a reformer. No one had less sympathy with a rogue, but his view was the sound one, that if the legislature would take proper care to raise the condition of the poor, the root of the evil would be attacked, 'nor,' he declares, 'in plain truth will the utmost severity to the offenders be justifiable, unless we take every possible method of preventing the offense — the subject as well as the child should be left without excuse before he is punished.' And he refers with horror to the 'many cartloads of our fellow creatures once in six weeks carried to slaughter,' of whom much the greater part might 'with proper care and regulations' have been 'not only happy in themselves, but very useful members of the society which they now so greatly dishonor in the sight of all Christendom.'

The pamphlet made a considerable stir. It was shortly followed by the appointment of a Parliamentary Committee to 'revise and consider the Laws in being which relate to felonies and other offenses against the peace.' A bill was subsequently brought in embodying the resolutions of the committee, and a further Act was passed called the 'Tippling Act,' restricting the sale of spirits, both of which measures must have been largely influenced by the suggestions of the Bow Street reformer; and the latter measure was successful if Mrs. Staff, the con-

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stable's wife in *The Coffee-House Politicians*, is to be believed. 'Thank your honor! Your honor will not be offended, I hope — we stand at a great rent: and truly, since this gin, all trade has been so dull that I have often wished my husband would live by the Highway himself instead of taking Highwaymen.'

One of the greatest dangers to the public consisted in the existence of gangs of criminals who lived for the purpose of public plunder. Fielding tells us of one which numbered nearly a hundred members, and formed a regularly organized body with officers and accounts carefully kept. He attacked the evil with such weapons as he had to hand. His method was to pay an informer to betray the criminals 'into the hands of a set of thief-takers whom I had enlisted into the service; all men of known and approved fidelity and intrepidity,' a method which must have appealed to the author of *Jonathan Wild*. It was not a time for being over-nice. Risks had to be taken to deal with so flagrant a danger, and the result justified Fielding. He claims with legitimate pride that during the last months of 1753 there was not a single murder or robbery in the streets of London — a remarkable result of the energy and intelligence of one man.

The five years he spent as a magistrate were certainly not idle ones. He found time to write another paper — a proposal for making an effectual provision for the poor, and an explanation of the case of Elizabeth Canning. Here his good nature, especially where a woman was concerned, and perhaps a novelist's leaning for a good story, led him wrong. Elizabeth was a very ordinary kind of impostor. She went to dine with an uncle and disappeared for four weeks. She returned, as is usual in such cases, with an absurd if circumstantial story of being kidnapped and ill-treated. As a result of her virginal vagaries, a venerable but ill-favored gypsy woman was sentenced to death.

Fielding held a preliminary inquiry into the case. He was deceived by the evidence of a witness called, oddly enough, 'Virtue' Hall. Subsequent investigation proved that the gypsy had a complete alibi, and her pardon was followed by the conviction of Miss Canning for perjury. Such are the crude facts. The pamphlet was written after the trial of the gypsy at the Old Bailey — in support of the verdict, and apparently in answer to attacks that had been made upon his connection with the case. The actual part Fielding took is rather confusing. The gypsy and another woman had already been committed for trial. Upon the application of a solicitor named Salt, Fielding took the evidence of Virtue Hall, who had not given evidence before. At first she could tell no coherent story, and it was not until Fielding threatened to commit her for trial as accessory that he elicited the evidence which impressed him so much. This should have put him on his guard.

No statement made under such circumstances could be worth very much, but the mistake, which at the most was an error of judgment, was not made in his capacity as a magistrate. He was bound to take her evidence. His mistake was in refusing to disbelieve in Virtue Hall. When the full investigation followed after the Old Bailey trial, it threw a curious light on the manners of the day to read: 'Upon my return to Town my clerk informed me that several noble Lords had sent to my house in my absence desiring to be present at the examination of the gypsy woman. On this I informed Mr. Salt and desired him to bring Elizabeth Canning and Virtue Hall in order to

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swear their several informations again in the presence of the gypsy woman and Wells, and appointed him a day for doing so, of which I sent an advice to the noble Lords,' so let us hope their patrician curiosity was satisfied.

There was also time for literary work of probably a more congenial kind. He contributes to the *Covent Garden Journal*, finishes *Tom Jones*, and writes *Amelia*. *Amelia* was the only novel written entirely during his Bow Street period. He depicts with terrible directness the state of the jails of that day. Prisons he had already described as 'Schools of vice, seminaries of idleness, and common sewers of nastiness and disease.' Considering the conditions under which it was composed, the legal part of *Amelia* is rather slurred. It is impossible not to wonder what is the precise offense for which Captain Booth finds himself in prison. The evidence before Justice Thrasher would appear to sustain a charge of assault on the police. We are told generally 'the delinquents were then all dispatched to prison,' where Booth, had he not been rescued by Miss Matthews, would apparently have remained indefinitely. He is released on certain moneys being found, from which he would seem to have been committed in default of finding sureties.

This seems the only explanation; yet if this were so, it is curious that Booth made no attempt to find sureties himself, which should have been a matter of little or no difficulty. Then again, the seductive Miss Matthews. The charge against her was attempted murder. This not being a summary offense, she must have been committed for trial to the Old Bailey. Yet when the injured man recovers, she is released without more to-do, it is true, after some discreet payments, and the proceedings apparently lapse. It is all very odd. Perhaps the author intended this to be an example to illustrate the point that prosecutors should receive further inducement to take action.

Poor Fielding was never a favorite of fortune. His last blow was perhaps the hardest. The admirable work he had done in stamping out crime in the Metropolis was recognized by those in authority, but his reward was his own death warrant. For some time he had been in ailing health. Like many people of imagination, he had a touching faith in quack medicine. In August, 1753, he had been taking the Duke of Portland medicine for gout for nearly a year, but in spite of this ducal drench his doctors ordered him 'to go immediately to Bath.' While he was getting ready for his visit, almost, as he tells us, fatigued to death with several long examinations relating to different murders, all committed within the space of a week, by different gangs of street robbers, 'he received a message from the Duke of Newcastle requesting his attendance at Newcastle House.'

Fielding was so ill and overworked that, in spite of his sense of public duty, he could not attend. A second summons he felt unable to neglect, and he attended at the cost of 'a severe cold.' He is consulted as to some plan for ending the murders and robberies that had again become too common. Fielding is ready with a plan, which is adopted, upon the lines he had already found successful — an informer suitably financed. But by this time the gout has 'turned to a deep jaundice.' Bath might yet have saved him. But in his eagerness to break up 'this gang of villains and cut-throats,' he remained in London, to the destruction of the gang, but also such health as remained to him. 'Mine,' he says pathetically, 'was no longer a Bath case.' The

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poor magistrate was 'in a very weak and deplorable condition,' suffering as he was from jaundice, dropsy, and asthma.

A severe and prolonged winter does not improve matters. 'Dr. Joshua Ward Drops' are mere drops in the ocean of his maladies. Even Bishop Berkeley's Tar Water fails him, and, in desperation, he sets off on that journey to Lisbon from which he was never to return. His cheerful courage, as shown in the famous *Journal*, is amazing. It may well have been sustained by the consciousness of a hard task well done. On the credit side of the account the admirable discharge of new and difficult duties, while on the debit he may have felt somewhat in the vein of his great admirer—that the strenuous magistrate at Bow Street had not been altogether useless to the historian of *Tom Jones* and *Amelia*, whose exquisite pictures of humor and manners have already outlived, if not the Palace of the Escurial, at any rate the Imperial Eagle of Austria.

[*The Times*]

RHYMES FOR CHILDREN

When asked to recommend poetry suitable for children one feels much as if one had been required to give a list of plays suitable for Sioux or Mohicans. The Last of the Mohicans is the only Mohican one knows anything about; the rest are legendary figures whose taste in drama is a subject only suitable for German scholars seeking for an abstract question having that illusive air of reality appropriate to a prize thesis. The only child the poet really knows is the child he once was; and with the majority of us that child marvelously quickly fades away into a past so remote as to become almost fabulous and to seem peopled with palæolithic monsters

> who drag
> Vast bodies in the mud and agelong go
> Bobbing small heads in silence.

It is a rare gift in any man or woman to remember truly the mood, the general atmosphere of his mind as a child. Most people can remember incidents of all sorts—this kind of accident, for example:

> As Dick and Bryan were at play
> At trap, it came to pass,
> Dick struck the ball so far away
> He broke a pane of glass.

This is taken from a book entitled *Rhymes for Children*, 'illustrated with appropriate wood cuts.' The poem continues:

> Though much alarm'd, they did not run
> But walk'd up to the spot;
> And offer'd for the damage done,
> What money they had got.

So far, this 'poem' is a plausible narrative of what, in the imagination of adults, interests the child mind; but the poem concludes:

> When accidents like this arise,
> Dear children! this rely on,
> All honest, honorable boys
> Will act like Dick and Bryan.

and the cat is out of the bag. These *Rhymes for Children* are merely dis-

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guised moral lessons. It is incredible that at any time in human history 'grown-ups' could deceive themselves into thinking these were 'rhymes' that children would naturally like; obviously they were just sugar-coating what they thought to be an excellent pill and the sugar was the music, the noise that the words made — though nothing better than a rudimentary jingle. The publication and sale of such products, however, reveals in author, publisher, and purchaser a complete oblivion of their own childhood. Incidents similar to the broken window pane are all that remain — the mental consciousness, the 'ego' for which and in which that far-away world existed, has completely vanished. It is almost enough to disprove Berkeley and verify the existence of 'matter.'

There never was a child not mentally deficient who could not perceive and resent lessons tricked out in rhymes; and however plentiful the sugar the presence of the medicine is sure to be felt and the foundation of a dislike for poetry laid. But the great bulk of poetry for children is of this nature, and even such a book as Robert Louis Stevenson's *A Child's Garden of Verse*, is full of sententiousness, though done with more literary skill. Curiously enough, the neat exposition of moral and practical advice in verse, however little it may attract children, undoubtedly gives most grown-up people pleasure. There is a poem in the book from which quotation has already been made which — under a comparison of the several fates that befell Miss Lucy White and Miss Sophy Ball, who, in a delightful phrase, 'had faded teeth'— admirably sets forth the importance of regularly visiting the dentist. This 'rhyme' can be counted upon to give a gentle satisfaction, an 'inward glow,' to every adult, whether his teeth survive or whether they have long 'faded'; and it comes from contemplation of the horrible experiences other people will one day have to endure. This is a form of pleasure which it is impossible to expect children to appreciate.

It is amusing and not altogether surprising to find that the didactic note thunders in the children's verse of such a good poet as Mr. Hilaire Belloc. It is Mr. Belloc's nature to admonish his audience:

> I call you bad, my little child,
> Upon the title page,
> Because a manner rude and wild
> Is common at your age.

This is a vein not unfamiliar to Mr. Belloc's readers; but however agreeable it may be to adults, it is doubtful that it can appeal very deeply to children, and Mr. Belloc's advice:

> Do not as evil children do,
> Who on the slightest grounds
> Will imitate the kangaroo
> With wild unmeaning bounds,

has been known to set children bounding like the kangaroo who were unaware before of that particular kind of bound — and for this, possibly, they may be grateful. Nearly one hundred years separate the 'Rhyme' first quoted from Mr. Belloc's, so the moralizing attitude toward children is still flourishing, with this difference — that the later writer is aware of the slight absurdity of the ancient pose and does not expect to be taken seriously; in short, he writes in a spirit of fun — but the fun is nearly all for the grown-ups, that is the defect. The subject is children, but from the 'grown-up's' point of view, and it is a subject on which children cannot share the 'grown-up's' point of view. It is too intellectual and too little human, for it depends — like the problems of Euclid — upon a number of postulates which, happily, no child would be degenerate enough to

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accept. Far more gratifying to children, who enjoy them with less tranquillity than adults, are the nonsense rhymes of Edward Lear. 'The Dong with the luminous nose' is a favorite with most children, and in the days of the Boer war there was a music-hall song which was an echo of Lear's tale of the man in whose beard the fowls of the air built their nests. This song was an enormous success with men, women, and children. It was primitive and was an appeal to childish rather than to children's minds. But it is worth quoting, because it is so extraordinarily effective with children that it should be interesting to discover the reason. A man has died:

They dug his grave for forty miles
But still his whiskers grew.

They took them in a big balloon
And tied them round the Sun and Moon,
But still his whiskers grew.

They covered the ground for miles around
And *still* his whiskers grew.

These words, when sung in a music hall to grown-up people, make just an ordinary, more or less amusing, comic song; read to children, they have an amazing imaginative effect.

It is the fecundity of the child's mind — lying like a quiet pool in a tropical forest teeming with images that sleep unnoticed until the surface is touched by the wind, and then awake into a thousand troubled shapes — that is stirred to creation by a certain simple strangeness and extravagance in these lines, and the ability to understand this effect may almost be taken as a test of the survival in us of that sensitiveness of the imagination (characteristic of children) the loss of which is responsible for such extraordinary freaks as *Rhymes for Children*, and for the 'grown-up's' lack of understanding generally.

Even when we come to the work of the poet who has not lost his imagination, we find frequently that he has forgotten his childhood. There is not a poem in Mr. Sturge Moore's book, *The Little School*, that can give a child the thrill and the pleasure of that apparent doggerel about whiskers, although it is full of exquisitely written verse. For the poetry of it is attained by summoning before the inner eye of the weary and experience-soiled man the freshness, the cleanness, the simplicity of childhood. Almost entirely about children, it is not for children, but for men and women:

Sing gladly when you wash and start
A sweet song when you take your bath;
Clean hands they make a lightsome heart,
And clean feet tread a happy path.

Into the trembling water dip
With soiled and clammy skin,
Soon from the tossing bath to skip
Clean as a new pin.

Who ever heard of a child who cared about the cleanness of a new pin? This intense craving for cleanness, this ardent passion for blue and white, the blue and white of crockery, of blue sky and 'a cloth like level snow,' of the blue veins and white feet of children, which pervades Mr. Sturge Moore's book as it was the inspiration of Luca della Robbia and of the creator of Nicolette, who was so white that the daisies 'looked dark against her feet'— is entirely adult. It proceeds from the fullness and ripeness of the senses; and the minds of children are too vast and empty, too hungry for wild and mountainous images, their senses too undeveloped to be so nice. The natural instinct of the child is to get dirty; no amount of mud can deter it in its thirst for adventure. The cleanness, the proportion, the symmetry, the subtlety, and the propriety of things do not interest it; and poetry

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whose essence is the discovery and portrait of these qualities is not poetry for children. Nor do children wish to hear about themselves and their doings; to begin a poem:

> Kate rose up early as fresh as a lark —

is to begin in the worst possible way, although it is the way into which most people fall when they begin to think about children. To read in Mr. Sturge Moore's verse the excursion of a mature and sophisticated mind into this simple vein:

> Before their nursery fire one day
> Upon two hassocks sat
> Willy and Nance, half tired of play;
> Between them purred the cat,

reminds one irresistibly of the American who divested himself of all his worldly goods and proceeded to a remote island in the Pacific Ocean, where he lived upon a mountain and wore running shorts, two sandals, and a wedding ring, and preached the 'simple life' to the cannibals who inhabited the island, and who had begun to take to wearing pajamas and top hats. The poet who understands how near to cannibals children are will not go very far wrong; he will, at least, be free from the danger of sentimentality.

This is a vice to which the English, and, above all, the Germans, are supposed to be particularly susceptible; yet it is doubtful whether any English or German poet has ever plunged deeper into sentimental bathos than Victor Hugo, who in *L'Art d'être Grand-père* wrote about children, in the words of the late M. Faguet, '*avec mièvrerie et sur un ton bébé.*' *L'Art d'être Grand-père* is distinctly a book for grandparents and not for children; but it is for grandparents in what is called their second childhood, not in their lusty and vigorous old age. It may be said, indeed, that most children's books and books about children are for men's second childhood, not for their first. Occasionally Hugo's imagination is stirred just as a child's might be:

> La face de la bête est terrible, on y sent
> L'Ignoré, l'éternel problème éblouissant
> Et ténébreux, que l'homme appelle la Nature,

but how far from the magical simplicity of the greatest work is the expression — that sophisticated and prosy *que l'homme appelle la Nature!* It would almost seem that the nearer we get to poetry which satisfies the child the nearer we get to great poetry; it is certain that children will have none of this *que l'homme appelle la Nature* jargon, which has spoiled the work of so many poets. Yet it is doubtful whether any child could appreciate the decorative delicacy of Hugo's

> Dansez, les petites filles,
> Toutes en rond.
> En vous voyant si gentilles
> Les bois riront.

These lines have an extraordinary charm — the charm of a room with a carved late Gothic roof and Renaissance panels painted with the portraits of children; their secret lies partly in the alliteration and the assonance of 'rond' and 'riront' and the curvature of the letter 'r,' and partly in the association of children's faces with woods. A few, rarely gifted children might be sensuously precocious enough to be aware of this pictorial and fragile beauty, but not the majority. This brings us to the question how far children can appreciate the work of one of the greatest of modern poets — Mr. Walter De la Mare — whom we have been approaching by slow degrees.

It is well known that Mr. De la Mare's book of rhymes, *Peacock Pie*, has an immense success with children, with whose 'vision' Mr. De la Mare

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has more sympathy than any poet we know of. Mr. De la Mare's verse puts a spell upon them, partly by its music and partly by its rich and quaint fancy. Of these qualities it is probable that the music is the more important. There never was a greater master of delicate and cunning rhythms than Mr. De la Mare; and they carry an exquisite vowel melody that haunts the ear of a child who does not even know the meaning of half the words used. But the majority of the poems in *Peacock Pie* are, on the surface, simple and intelligible to children quite apart from their music, and Mr. De la Mare always supplies the children's demand for definite images. What could be more vivid than his poem about a Sweep?

Black as a chimney is his face
And ivory white his teeth,
And in his brass-bound cart he rides,
The chestnut blooms beneath.

'Sooeep, Sooeep!' he cries, and brightly peers
This way and that, to see
With his two light-blue shining eyes
What custom there may be.

And once inside the house, he 'll squat,
And drive his rods on high,
Till twirls his sudden sooty brush
Against the morning sky.

Then, mid his bulging bags of soot,
With half the world asleep,
His small cart wheels him off again,
Still hoarsely bawling, 'Sooeep!'

That is a poem every child can appreciate, and *Peacock Pie* is full of poems like it, as well as having many delicious, quaint tales, such as the tale of the three jolly farmers named 'Off the Ground,' whose extraordinarily insistent rhythm actually sets children dancing. This poet also deals with giants, ogres, princesses, fairies, spinsters, and old women, with a sharp concreteness of imagery and a wealth of bright, clear detail that is quite magical in its effect. Even more remarkable are his landscapes. One is always suddenly looking from the edge of a wood into dark valleys with the stars blazing quite near, the transparent bubbling of water at one's side and the crackle of the undergrowth from queer, furry things behind. It is night, but wonderfully dark and clear, and the earth is full of flowers that burn with a soft, intangible brilliance not of this world. Few children will fail to be transported into Mr. De la Mare's dark flower-burning valleys, or to those most marvelous of poetry's mountains:

Still, and blanched, and cold, and lone
The icy hills far off from me
With frosty ulys overgrown
Stand in their sculptured secrecy.

No path of theirs the chamois fleet
Treads, with a nostril to the wind;
O'er their ice-marbled glaciers beat
No wings of eagles in my mind.

Yea, in my mind these mountains rise
Their perils dyed with evening's rose;
And still my ghost sits at my eyes
And thirsts for their untroubled snows.

Yet one cannot believe that children can appreciate to the full the almost supernatural beauty of lines like these, not to speak of what may be called their mystical quality. Children have yet to experience the long years of searching after an unattainable beauty and to taste fully the agony of that unappeasable thirst for something indefinable, something beyond space and time, before they can be aware of the great wealth of consciousness of which these poems are but a few bright jewels. Yet perhaps something of that silent music that a flame makes trembling over dark fragments of coal, a music which croons with an intense and strange ecstasy through Mr. De la Mare's poetry, and something of that stilled and frosted

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light that collects in stanza after stanza the afterglow of some Cimmerian sun may be felt by children.

In looking backward and straining hard to recover one's own childhood and to look once more upon the world as in those bygone days, it becomes more and more certain that one was sensitive to the color and the aspect of tree and sky in winter and spring, in dawn and dusk, and that the soft and steady fall of snow on windless days was a most marvelous music. Can it be possible then to believe that children will not be stirred by that imaginative vision of themselves in 'Winter Dusk'?

> The-fire-flames crooned a tiny song,
> No cold wind moved the wintry tree;
> The children both in Faërie dreamed
> Beside their mother's knee.

It is not possible, and yet it is not to be believed that they can feel the beauty of this and of Mr. De la Mare's other poems as intensely as we can. It may be only on rare occasions that they can feel it all; for their minds are most often too avid, too eager fully to taste and to absorb such quiet and exquisite beauty. But of all our great English poets there is none who has written with more of the child's strange freshness of imagination.

We are, perhaps, too apt to think of children in the lump. Children differ one from another, just as men do; and we would not talk recklessly of poetry for men as we talk about poetry for children. There are, no doubt, children to whom such poetry as Mr. De la Mare's would not appeal greatly — some of it probably not at all. Unimaginative children — the term is relative, as it is questionable whether there can be such a thing as a really unimaginative child — children in whose heads ideas do not associate freely but run along logical tramlines, each in its separate car, will not take much delight in the finest of Mr. De la Mare's poems; but they may, nevertheless, like a jolly noise such as he often gives them. It is largely the jolly noise that has made Mr. G. K. Chesterton's poem 'The Road to Roundabout' so popular with children. Screams of delight invariably greet the end of the last verse:

> Some say that when Sir Lancelot
> Went forth to find the Grail,
> Grey Merlin wrinkled up the roads
> For hope that he should fail;
> All roads led back to Lyonesse
> And Camelot in the Vale,
> I cannot yield assent to this
> Extravagant hypothesis,
> The plain, shrewd Briton will dismiss
> Such rumors (*Daily Mail*).
> But in the streets of Roundabout
> Are no such factions found,
> Or theories to expound about,
> Or roll upon the ground about
> In the happy town of Roundabout
> That makes the world go round.

Children like this sort of thing immensely, although the content of Mr. Chesterton's poem is far more remote from their minds than any poem of Mr. De la Mare's. This is true of all Mr. Chesterton's verse, delightful as it is, including even the famous 'Song against Grocers,' which is obscurer to a child than 'Sordello' could possibly be to any adult. Mr. Chesterton would possibly resent his poems being called intellectual, but intellectual they are, and, therefore, not food for children, who meet a mind far more congenial in Blake.

> Tiger, tiger burning bright

is a poem all children like. They may not be — indeed, they undoubtedly are not — conscious of the wonderful artistry of the poet. The poems of Blake, like the poems of Mr. De la Mare, will increase their freight of beauty with the years, but something of that essential magic is communi-

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cated immediately to the child, for it is of the very stuff of his own mind.

As far removed from the enjoyment of children as Mr. Chesterton's 'intellectuality' is the precious artificiality of Victor Hugo's English worshiper, Swinburne, to whom 'babe' suggests 'astrolabe.' If we bend our ear close to Swinburne's verse we may catch an echo of the Frenchman's 'ton bébé,' for the latter's sentimentality turns in the English poet to a somewhat mawkish dalliance with children as chaste and languid decorative forms. Swinburne is always comparing children's faces to flowers. It is a fancy in which children cannot participate. They have little sense of their decorative value, and though they may take a faint delight in colored marbles they are really more at home in the higher flights of the imagination. Even the freshness and charm of Herrick calling a primrose 'this sweet Infanta of the year' is hardly for them. Children have little of that exquisite susceptibility to beauty that men and women have, or rather, perhaps, it is not gratified by art so strongly as is their imagination. Indeed, the imagination works with such power in children that the recital of Southey's lines,

> I would not for any earthly thing
> See the face of the Crocodile King,

makes them involuntarily shudder.

The comic seriousness of children has long been a source of considerable amusement to their elders, and in it we may find one reason of their universal passion for the poetry of Mr. Rudyard Kipling. That the wolf-cub should have gravely to learn and to keep Jungle Law which is expounded to him in his infancy seems to them the height of naturalness and common sense. They will listen with obvious approbation — and as if it were the most inevitable thing in the world — while you tell them that these laws are engraved by old wolves on the stone floors of sacred caves and handed down from generation to generation. They have a great sense of the dignity of Empires and Kingdoms. Mr. Kipling also largely satisfies their thirst for knowledge and for reality, and he is a master of metre and of simple and bold antithesis —

> Gold is for the mistress — silver for the maid —
> Copper for the craftsman cunning at his trade.
> Good! said the Baron, sitting in his hall
> But Iron — Cold Iron — is master of them all.

It would be difficult to better that in its adroit mixture of intelligence with a real dramatic thrill.

At this point we come to that interest in mere drama to which all the wonderful sympathies of the average child's mind in the end inevitably degenerate. It is the time of life when children have become boys, who, if they wish to hear any poetry at all, it is 'How Horatius Kept the Bridge,' or girls who are beginning surreptitiously to read of 'lovers' quarrels.' There are some bright souls who escape the tarnish of this spiritual verdigris while full of an eager delight in battles. These are they who later on will recreate or keep alive the world's heritage of beauty. By some mysterious alchemy of matter, by some strange, secret pollenization of the spirit, their minds will not cease to flower when that short and dreamlike spring is over. They will remain in the world but hardly of the world; like the blooms that travelers see above their heads in the dark roofs of sun-barred forests — a joy and a consolation to the wayfaring man forever. Of the others we can only say —

> The primroses scattered by April,
> The stars of the wide Milky Way,
> Cannot outnumber the hosts of the children
> Magic hath stolen away.

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[*The Hibbert Journal*]

SHALL WE REMAIN IN THE CHURCH? A LAYMAN'S VIEW

BY PROFESSOR DURANT DRAKE

THE habit of churchgoing is on the wane. Naturally enough, since men are modifying so many of the beliefs to which most of the churches demand allegiance. Even if the Liberal is welcomed by the Church, he is likely to be little helped or inspired; dogmas which are preposterous to his mind are thrust at him as though it were a sin not to profess them. Even the spiritual truth that might feed his soul is offered to him in ways he cannot accept. The whole atmosphere is apt to be stifling and oppressive; the Church seems hopelessly behind the times, and the attitude of the best people toward it is largely, as Emerson said, 'a hope and a waiting.'

But there is another passage of Emerson's which may well be pondered. 'Be not betrayed into undervaluing the churches which annoy you by their bigoted claims. . . . I agree with them more than I disagree. I agree with their heart and motive; my discontent is with their limitations and surface and language. Their statement is grown as fabulous as Dante's Inferno. Their purpose is as real as Dante's sentiment and hatred of vice.' Little as existing churches often avail to help the aspiring soul, stale and narrow and uninspired as are many of their preachers, bigoted and form-ridden as are many of their members, the Church is in potentiality and not seldom in actuality the most potent for good of all human institutions.

From some points of view a new Church, not calling itself Christian or encumbered with any load of tradition and superstition, would seem best to suit our needs. The Ethical Culture Society, unfortunate in the coldness of its name, but numbering among its members not a few earnest and spiritual men, is one attempt to supply the need. The Fellowship, organized some years ago in Los Angeles, and since carried into a number of cities, has a happier name and is arousing considerable enthusiasm. The so-called Positivist Church (Religion of Humanity) in England, the Union pour l'Action Morale in France — these are examples of the new organizations that have sprung up to take the place of the Christian Church. Bare they may seem and lacking in all the atmosphere of a Church long established and endeared to the hearts of men. But that would mend itself in time; associations would gather, enthusiasm would grow with numbers, and traditions arise.

It sometimes happens that a new Church, because it answers more exactly to the existing needs of men, can do more than one that has become petrified in old forms and has ceased to represent living impulses. It does not thrust the skeletons of ancient beliefs upon men; and by putting its truth in fresh and contemporary language it may touch new springs of emotion in them and reveal heights which they had not before glimpsed.

Mr. Henry Sturt of Oxford, in his book *The Idea of a Free Church*, makes

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an eloquent plea for such a brand-new organization. It is possible that this century may see the founding of many new churches upon the basis of freedom of belief. But, after all, what a sad duplication of resources, what wastefulness of human effort, it would be! There are far too many organizations in the field already; if only they could all be persuaded to join forces, and make the basis of their united communion broad enough for every earnest and aspiring man and woman to feel at home in it, immeasurably more could be accomplished. The Christian Church, with her splendid historic background, her hold on the affections of the people,— still very great in spite of the widespread chafing at her creeds,— with her loyalty to the commanding personality of the prophet-martyr Christ, has a momentum and a prestige that increase tenfold her power and usefulness.

It takes a happy inspiration and a peculiar combination of circumstances to launch successfully a new religion. Especially is this so if the new religion is not to be floated upon false hopes and supernatural glories. Religion is a natural growth, not a made-to-order article; the great spiritual seers — as Buddha, Christ, Luther — have been but reformers of preëxisting religions, and have retained more than they inaugurated. It is possible that a rational religion might be artificially built up and propagated, as an artificial and rational language might be — Esperanto is making some headway. But continuity counts for a great deal, and the old familiar languages and religions have the advantage. The likelihood is that if Christianity should remain stubbornly unprogressive the larger proportion of the population would cease to have any religion.

For many reasons it is earnestly to be hoped that the Christian Church will realize its opportunity and so alter its teaching as to become the Church of the future. It has — to mention one — the inestimable advantage of an already widespread and powerful organization, large endowments, schools of the ministry, thousands of church buildings throughout the country. It would be an economic waste of considerable magnitude to leave the old church buildings to become gradually emptier and emptier and duplicate the expenditures that have produced such valuable property.

But more than that, the Christian Church has a stirring history behind it, a wealth of associations, a noble roll call of heroes and martyrs, all that appeals to the imagination and to the heart. It has forms and ceremonies, grown impressive through long use, that can be adapted for the future. It has, in spite of considerable lack of touch with modern thought, a deep hold on the affections of the people; it inspires an instinctive reverence and awe. It has already at hand formed habits of churchgoing, meetings for prayer and Christian endeavor, everything that cultivates the religious life. All that it needs is to drop, like an outgrown shell, its obsolete dogmas and its irritating dogmatism.

We reckon our calendar from the birth of Christ: Christmas is our chief holiday. The Christian pulpit is the place, among Aryan peoples, from which to teach ideals and spiritualize life. The Christian Church will persist, whether it oppose scientific teaching or no; it has too much momentum behind it, it is too splendid, too deep-rooted in our civilization, to die. The only safeguard against its pernicious and choking influence upon the spread of sound ideas of life lies in its liberalization. A new Church would give spiritual help to a small class of the

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enlightened, but would leave the old Church still to oppress the minds of the many; we should have the same sorry spectacle of a great and venerable institution offering food for the spirit but opposing the spread of knowledge.

If, then, the Christian Church has the best vantage point from which to work, the immediate need is to make prevalent that interpretation of Christianity which shall enable it to draw all earnest men to its fold and unite them in a task that requires our utmost and united efforts. Let us who have hesitated as to our duty boldly proclaim ourselves Christians: not skeptics, for we do not doubt the importance of Christian ideals; not infidels, if we are not unfaithful to those ideals; not opponents of Christianity, for he alone really opposes Christianity who teaches worldliness, license, self-indulgence. We who read with discriminating eyes the ancient pages of Scripture can find inspiration there as well as those whose religion depends on their misunderstanding them. We who see with the clearer vision of modern historical research the noble figure of Jesus can acknowledge him as our Master no less reverently than those who read their mediæval dogmas into his teaching and personality. We who love the Christian Church, whose hearts are naturally loyal to her symbols, carrying on the spiritual warfare that she has so long waged, should keep our home within her sanctuary and call ourselves by the great name — Christian.

Man needs not only religion — he needs *a* religion. Our religion will be none the less a rational and universally human religion from having a local habitation and a name. It may well be that a man cannot find in the churches near him any inspiration, any new breadth of vision or insight into his problems; that is his misfortune. But it may also be his opportunity. Let him heartily enter some church, give of his own ardor and experience, and help make it the source of power it should be. The good that he can do may seem infinitesimal, and not worth the waste of time and the irksome attendance at a service with which he is only half in sympathy.

It is like the duty to vote, which by so many busy men is neglected because one ballot more or less among the thousands counts so little. But elections are lost that way; and churches are lost, are given over to the narrow-minded and illiberal, dwindle in number, lose their effectiveness. And so those of the community who are not fortunate in their home influences grow up with practically no training in the duties of life, no thought and no interest in spiritual things.

No matter, then, if churchgoing appear a burden and a hardship, if it give us little meat for our souls; no matter if we feel at times in a false position and seem to stand for beliefs we cannot hold: these are small sacrifices for so great an end. Let us check our impatience at the ignorance, the narrowness, the dogmatism that we find there; let us give of our knowledge and enthusiasm, and join humbly with all those, whatever their belief, who strive for the spirit of Christ and seek to live the Christian life. For these things are incomparably more important than those other things; all who believe in that spirit and that life are our brothers, and what we have in common is far greater than our differences. If we go, not in the critical spirit, or merely seeking to get something for ourselves, but because we sympathize with those who are striving to live purely, and wish for fellowship with them, because we wish to give our mite of strength and influence to what

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is, after all, the greatest force in the world for righteousness, and to help in the making of it more and more such a force — if we go in this spirit, we shall hardly fail to be the better for it ourselves.

We may recall the words of Mill: 'If all were to desert the Church who put a large and liberal construction on its terms of communion, or who would wish to see those terms widened, the national provision for religious teaching and worship would be left utterly to those who take the narrowest, the most literal, and purely textual view of the formularies. Therefore, if it were not an impertinence in me to tender advice in such a matter, I should say, let all who conscientiously can remain in the Church. A Church is far more easily improved from within than from without.'

A lady once told Huxley that, as she did not believe the Athanasian Creed, she had got up and left church when the minister began to read it. 'Now, Mr. Huxley, don't you think I was quite right to mark my disapproval?' 'My dear lady,' said Huxley, 'I should as soon think of rising and leaving your table because I disapproved of one of the *entrées*.'

If the Church is not to be more and more a force for reaction and stupidity, if it is not to continue the decay which in many quarters seems to be begun, if it is to develop along the liberal lines that are in many other quarters being manifested, if it is going to be anything like the power for good it might be in the world, we must not desert it in this time of stress. We owe it to the future — if there seems to be no present good to be attained — to stay by it, and not to leave it to the ultra-conservative and bigoted. The Church is as necessary an institution as the school or the public library. If it is not what it ought to be, it is for us to keep working until we make it what it ought to be.

One of many contemporary expressions of this spirit may be found in an article contributed anonymously to the *Outlook* a year or two ago by a worker in St. George's Church, New York City. 'I am,' the writer says, 'or at least I try to be, a man. To that end I endeavor to be courageous, truthful, and considerate of others. At St. George's and in its work I find an atmosphere which stimulates me in this effort and helps me to refurbish ideals which are tarnished by the acid gases that are constantly generated by the struggle for existence. . . . The theories of the Church with regard to the supernatural or the transcendental interest me not at all. I regard the Christian Church in its entirety, including both Catholics and Protestants, as the most beneficent organization society has yet devised for the promotion of altruism and morality. I feel that St. George's is the most virile and congenial arm of that organization with which I have come in contact. I am conscious that it helps me as I have stated, and that it inspires me with a desire to help others.

'I am, therefore, glad to do what I can in my humble way to forward the work in which St. George's is engaged, and feel it a privilege to attend its services, although I am not confirmed, do not go to Communion, and would be guilty of intellectual hypocrisy if I repeated the Creed or joined in the petitions and declarations of the Prayer Book.

'I am writing this because my observation leads me to believe that many other laymen feel as I do in regard to questions of theology. . . . Such men no longer identify themselves with the Church, and are leaving it in large numbers, because they feel that they will be hypocritical and so regarded if

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they join in the work of an organization that professes to believe some theories which they cannot accept.

'These same men are, nevertheless, anxious to do good, to help their fellow men, and to live clean, honest, and healthful lives.

'To such men I would say that . . . a literal acceptance of its creeds and theology has become impossible for most people. They need not, however, be thereby deterred from joining in its humanitarian work if they think that it is worth while. No suspicion of hypocrisy will rest upon them for so doing.'

It is not, however, merely for the sake of those whom we can help through the Church, or for the sake of the Church itself, but for our own sakes. Religion tends to languish in those to whom the traditional dogmatic expression of it has become impossible. Such persons are much too ready to acquiesce in isolation as a necessary result of their opinions. 'It is surely a weakness, when we are not pressed for our opinions, to make so much of them to other people, or to ourselves, as to be excluded or to exclude ourselves from joining in a common activity, the spirit of which we inwardly reverence and would gladly make our own, while in separation we are almost certain to lose it.'*

It is a critical time for religion. Fact and illusion have been so long intertwined, religion has come to be so closely associated with particular world-views, that the decay of the latter threatens to involve the decay of the former also. Now, if ever, must we cling firmly to the great and ultimate realities of life. Let each man who has moved away from the traditional doctrines be zealous that he fail not in his life: rather let his righteousness exceed that of these others; let him be sterner with himself, more instant and inflexible in denying his lower nature, in refusing to give way to self-indulgence or greed; that all may see that clearness of sight and fervor of heart are not incompatible. Let it be seen that the danger to religion lies not in any change of beliefs, but in that sluggish indifference which may consort with any belief, that worldliness and pleasure-seeking to which we are more and more tempted by the very advance and betterment of our material civilization.

Let the pessimism and vulgarity that flaunt themselves in our literature be branded for what they are, not the unfortunate result of irreligion, but irreligion itself. Let the finger of condemnation be pointed at the rake, the trifler, the unscrupulous merchant, the dirty politician. Let every man in his private and in his public life keep clean and honest and upright; let him not relax his moral vigor or be afraid of hard work, of poverty, or of pain; let him not become effeminate, luxury-loving, immersed in selfish ease.

The Church stands there to tell us that there is something higher and better than ourselves to live for, something unspeakably great and worthy of our utmost endeavors and our entire allegiance: that we can rise above our own petty failures and disappointments in the thought of serving, at however humble a post, in the greatest of all causes — of which all worthy causes, all good work, and every loving deed form a living part — the service of humanity, which is the service of God. And in that service, according to the measure of our devotion, we shall find peace.

The future of the Church should be to us all a matter of grave anxiety. Will the reactionary forces win the day and the Church stand opposed to the intellectual enlightenment which sci-

*T. H. Green, *Faith*,

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ence is forcing upon the world? If so, her doom is sounded. She will undoubtedly persist, with recurrent revivals of ardor, into the indefinite future. But she will cease gradually to be a vital force in the world: and meanwhile, for a long time, the unhappy conflict of ideals, between intellectual honesty and spiritual fervor, will continue to tear the hearts of earnest men and divide their allegiance. Worst of all, until men succeed in building upon a rational foundation a great new religion, and until it attains the prestige of numbers and of age, there will be increasing danger of irreligion, of every form of license and excess. If, on the other hand, the Church will but admit freely the new knowledge of our times, realize her true function as guardian not of the cosmological ideas but of the moral ideals of mankind, and maintain more and more vigorously her inspiring and wisely repressive influence over conduct, we may look for the time when all men of good will shall reënter her fold and Christendom shall again be a name synonymous with 'the Western World.'

This is surely one of the most momentous issues of our times. It is momentous in that the outcome will affect the intellectual status of the generations yet unborn, will decide whether their minds shall be filled with theological fictions or with scientific verities. It is far more momentous in that it will affect the religious life of those generations. If 'orthodoxy,' even in some modified and expurgated form, wins the day in the churches, more and more men will be driven from them, and the likelihood is that a large proportion of mankind for an indefinite time to come will be without that moral impetus which a great organized Church can impart.

The Church of the future must present the great duties of life free from dogmatism and doubtful assertion, must give us those truths which are grounded in the very nature and conditions of human life unmixed with what is unproved or irrational. Will the Christian Church do this for us, will it adapt itself to man's clearing intellectual horizon and maintain its spiritual leadership, or must we henceforth seek elsewhere our guidance and inspiration? Are its progressive and liberal tendencies going to win the day, or will the forces of conservatism and reaction prove the stronger? That is the great religious question of the near future. The Christian Church is engaged in a struggle to the death between the forces that make for such a liberalization of religion and those that make for reaction. On the outcome of this struggle depend our hopes — whether we, and our descendants, may come to her for our guidance and inspiration, or whether we must look elsewhere.

The present situation is far from satisfactory. But there are many hopeful signs. If the Church shall finally come to walk hand in hand with science, it may bring wisdom into religion and religion into everyday work in a degree unknown hitherto. From this alliance should spring types of spiritual life larger and finer than those which the old faith, so sweet but so narrow, could engender. A Church that based its teaching wholly upon indubitable facts and a rational conception of the universe could become in fullest degree the inspiration and guide of humanity. The Christian Church could be the rallying place in the fight against all forms of evil, the joy and consolation of all those who long to forget their own petty lives in something finer and larger. Here could the lonely of heart find welcome and fellowship, the ignorant and groping

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find counsel and direction from wisdom and experience. As in the early Christian era, so again the Church's triumphs would be our triumph and her life our life; to her we would gladly give our strength and in her service realize the meaning of our common brotherhood.

Some of the Christian Churches are rapidly approaching this ideal. But there are strong forces at work for a narrower interpretation of religion. It is a crucial epoch in the history of Christianity. If the Church fails to rise to its opportunity and make the necessary readjustment, there is yet long strife and bitterness before us, and the union of earnest men against the powers of darkness will be long delayed. A Christianity such as we have described has never yet been realized on earth — who knows how it might transform the world! Has the Christian Church vitality and power of growth enough to meet its opportunity, or will its potentialities remain undeveloped and its prestige count more and more on the side of reaction and division? The future of religion among us hangs in the balance, and with it, in no inconsiderable degree, the future of humanity.

[*The Nation*]

SARAH: A PORTRAIT

BY M. P. WILLCOCKS

Of all the people that ever I met it was Sarah who fulfilled most exactly the idea that must have been at the back of her Maker's mind. Many people who ought to be circles, standing for some quality and bringing it definitely into being, achieve nothing better than an irregular rotundity that would never satisfy the least exacting of mathematicians. Sarah did nothing of the sort; she was round and complete in character. You knew in a moment what she stood for. When He made Sarah the Almighty wanted someone who knew how to cherish life in everything living. And for the span of fifty years Sarah saw to it that He got His will with her.

She was the mother of twelve children, men and women now, brought up on a wage of twelve shillings a week, who are stamped with the impress of her clean, hearty, honest make. There is a zest about them that was Sarah's. They do things with a will, her daughters make pasties for their men that are bigger than anyone else's, they clean a room with an eye to the corners, and they avoid shrewishness. They are not all as generous as she was, nor as great in fibre, partly because they don't know, as she did, the bare edge of things, the hard living and the risks poor women ran in country places at a time when there was n't a Midwives Bill or even a parish nurse.

You went up three steps into her cottage of two rooms that stood alone in the fields on a winding lane off the turnpike road. Not a horse's clattering hoofs passed by, nor a market-cart bucketing along, but Sarah could guess

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who it was and that mostly by the time of day. If you went out after summer rain and banged the front door behind you, the rose bush would send a shower of drops on your head. Monthly roses they were and sweet like new-washed linen. Whenever any child left the cottage on a small errand or a great, to Totnes market or a 'place,' he or she would turn at the lane end to get a glimpse of Mother standing in the doorway, as rosy and pleasantly wrinkled as a sound hoarding apple, with little merry eyes 'like gimlets.'

By the fire behind there would be Granny, footing stockings or darning. She kept the fifteen of them going in hose and thought small beer of a woman who could not knit a sock a day. Old peasant wisdom was hers, a sort of tenderness for the life of fields and hedgerows. To the bird's nesting boys she would say with a shake of the head, 'They'm all God's creatures, my dears.' There by the fire, too, in hatching time, and wrapped in an old petticoat, would be the chicks that were egg-bound. Sarah could perform that most delicate operation of freeing the young bird of the shell which in clumsy hands as often kills as cures. It was the fowls that helped to keep the family going, though it was a high price when eggs made a shilling a dozen, and at half a crown for a fowl Sarah's heart would beat joyously.

She had her one extravagance: it is a pleasure to think of it. She never paid less than two and sixpence a pound for tea, she kept a drop of 'tea-milk' with the cream on it, and she used to make her children go a quarter of a mile to fetch the water for tea from a special spring that welled out, cold and icy clear, from the bottom of a hilly orchard. Ah, that spring in the midst of the fields with, in autumn, the blue of distant hills, the gold of elms, the red and yellow heaps of cider apples at the foot of a tree: all Devon is in the cold of that water, no pipe stuff that, as old folks still say in the West, 'tastes.' But sometimes the girls cheated their mother and got the water from the washing water pond. It was nearer, and legs ache that have walked three miles to school and three back. There the girls sewed while the boys learned geography, so that Sarah's daughters still ask if Paris is near India, though one grandson died on the Somme and another is in Mesopotamia.

It was n't much that Sarah kept for herself, though she did sometimes hide a few biscuits in a drawer upstairs and some apples in a cupboard. But one child or other there always was who, being in Sarah's language a 'proper hunty-crock,' soon discovered the hidden stores and devoured them. Sarah had her own household tongue: 'a proper old tetty-cake' means, for instance, a lovering sort of person, somebody heavy and soft, like a potato cake. You may apply it to a sweetheart or an affectionate cat. And when a swing is made from a tree, or a kitten swings from a towel hung out to dry, you call it a 'goosey-butt.'

The father of the family does not make much show. A quiet man, he worked on the same farm for forty years and had a set of jokes, not above four or five, that served him well for a lifetime. 'One meal a day,' he'd say of the children, 'they have one meal a day, but it never stops.' If anyone was ill, 'Can 'em ate?' he'd ask. If they could, there was nothing amiss. But what really mattered to him was that the pig should eat. The pig squealing for meal and potato parings set him dancing with impatience. 'Bless the man and his pig, too,' Sarah would cry, standing with arms akimbo and eyes twinkling. But she knew well enough,

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too, that the pig's prosperity meant the family's future. He was the hub of their universe, and his arrival, in a sack as a youngling, the most delirious moment in the children's year. Roger Tichborne, the great wagon horse, would be lent for the day to fetch him home, with the children getting up early for their one drive in the year. They could n't sleep the night before for the thought of that ride and the great moment when, with door carefully hasped, the sack would be opened in the kitchen and the pig released. There were nuts and apples then, and the girls, standing on chairs, watched with screams the plunges of the excited creature. Later on he would be sold, here a quarter and there another, sold in prospective long before his last moment came in some chill dawn.

Sarah's man worked in the garden by moonlight on many a night of spring, in the planting season: he was famous for his shallots and earned besides an honest shilling by cutting the farm-men's hair of a Sunday morning. Yet there were times when, looking very sheepish, he would return with but ten of the precious shillings, that ought to have been twelve, in his hand. Farmer had n't the change, or was a bit short himself, for those were the days when the farmer had to sell his market stuff before he could buy his own groceries. Sarah's lips would tighten, but she was a good washerwoman and much in request after less thorough hands than hers had spoiled the whiteness of the farm linen; old 'aggrievances' she used to call the signs of other women's slackness. What she could n't abide was a thing half done, as you found if you were her child and were seized before the steaming tub of a Saturday night with the words, 'Proper grafted, that's what you be.'

The elder children were out in the world, for they, fortunately. came with gaps between, before the younger ones were born. It was lucky, for there were but two bedrooms, and in winter after a thaw the walls of these reeked with wet. Yet it meant baking on a Sunday afternoon, for the boys on the farm got no supper of a Sunday night, so their mother put hot pasties in the hedge for them to take as they went home to the farm from church. Year after year she did this, though her man said regularly, 'You 'm a fule to bake on a Sunday afternoon. I'd not do it.' But he, as she said scores of times, was n't a mother. And the boys liked mother's pasties hot.

The high-water mark of her life came in the great blizzard. Her children tell the story still with kindling eyes as of some battle long ago. Maybe her children's children will tell it. The drifts were over the hedges in places and the wind bringing down, not elms alone, but firs and even oaks. Queerly enough, one Bertram Snow chose this moment to be born, but his coming was hard and dangerous. The doctor, summoned from Totnes, put his head out of the window and asked the distance. It was eight miles. Then said he, 'Do you think I'm going to risk my life in this?' and therewith slammed down the window. He was night-capped and elderly. But Sarah got to the woman in time, though she walked four miles through waist-high drifts and across the moor on hands and knees. In the morning she faced the doctor with a smile and a respectful, 'Come at last, sir?' as she showed him the baby. To-day her daughters wreak a mort of sex malice on the man and his smallness.

There were a few debts when she died, for to feed country children who would bring friends home to tea took a bit of doing. 'Eat the loaf, will 'ee?' old Granny used to say. But Sarah

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sliced away, the loaf against her breast, cutting round after round. She could n't grudge, not even when the old black and white cat fell ill. She had n't a sixpence in the house when he was found at death's door, but she sent a child running to the tavern, 'Quick, say it's for Sarah,' she ordered, 'say she wants sixpennyworth of brandy and she 'll pay next week with the egg money.' The brandy came, Sarah drenched the beast, and in half an hour he was licking his paws. Things did live with her. She made things jolly; even if she was only cooking plum jam the children felt it was a feast to be allowed to have all the stones and crack them for the kernels. Cheese at the rind is sweet.

And then one night, having tucked her children up in their beds, she did what she had never done in her life before — walked down the lane to meet her man coming home from work. She lived just long enough to see him, but as he came up she sank at his feet, crying, 'Oh, Jem, Jem.' Dazed, he hung over her. Then, carrying her to the hedge side, he had to tramp back to the farm for a cart. She'd had a day in Exeter, for the first time, a day's outing, and a new dress, not long before. It was the only time her daughters can recall mother having anything new — for show. The children still remember her arms as she tucked them in that last night, the cry of the old woman, and the rumbling of the farm cart to the door. She must have known she was going, they say.

But all through the parish, when it was known that Sarah had gone, the women held up finger and thumb in a circle to show how the fat had closed round her heart. And everyone saw, too, the guttering of candle-grease in the draught from the door as it makes a winding-sheet.

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TALK OF EUROPE

An estimate of the ravages of the anti-Semitism which is at present raging in Eastern Europe is given in the *Berliner Tageblatt* by Dr. Paul Nathan, the well-known publicist. On the strength of information received from what he calls 'trustworthy persons,' he calculates that about 40,000 persons have lost their lives in pogroms in the Ukraine. At the same time, some 40,000 were crippled or wounded, and nearly 10,000 women were violated. The material damage suffered by the Jews in the course of these outrages is estimated at over 100,000,000 rubles, 'but it may possibly amount to several hundred millions.' Pogroms occurred at more than a hundred different places.

At Trostyanetz, in Podolia, says Dr. Nathan, the entire Jewish adult male population of about 500 men were massacred, and they left behind them 900 widows and fatherless children. Felshtin, a town built entirely of wood, in the same province was completely destroyed by the pogrom. At Elizabethgrad, in the Kherson Government, 18,000 Jews were plundered. About 1500 persons were killed at Cherkassy, in the province of Kieff.

In Germany anti-Semitism, though so far it has stopped short at pogroms, has attained dimensions hitherto unknown. Its papers multiply continually, and fresh books, decked out with a great show of learning, and professing to prove that the war and Bolshevism are merely moves in a Jewish plot for world domination, are issued from the press nearly every day. One of the most elaborate of these productions ascribes all Germany's calamities to the supposed strong strain of Semitic blood in the veins of Wilhelm the Second. It is called *Semi-Imperator*, and is the work of the same people who published *Semi-Kuerschner* and *Semi-Gotha*. The former of these is a parody of the well-known handbook of the Jewish race, while the latter, which has the same get-up as the Almanach de Gotha, treats of the Jewish ancestry of the aristocratic families of Europe. *Semi-Gotha* was prohibited on its publication some months before the war, but the embargo on it has now been withdrawn. The most astonishing thing is that people who used to be conspicuous for their mental balance now apologetically admit their belief in the nonsense preached by these publications. That ignorant and unreflecting minds are much more easily affected goes without saying.

A movement is on foot whereby a national tribute may be paid 'to the Unknown Dead.'

The government is being approached by officials of the association known as the Comrades of the Great War, with a view to having one unnamed soldier buried in St. Paul's alongside our most famous generals and admirals, as a national tribute to the many thousands of unknown heroes who lie buried in France and Flanders.

Such an action, it is believed, would touch the hearts of millions of all classes in this country, for, although the greatest of honors have been paid publicly to many famous and illustrious names of the land and sea service, no organized effort has yet been made to provide an opportunity of rendering homage to the private soldier who died for this country, and whose very name is now lost in the great devastation of the last five years.

France has set a noble example in this matter. Colonel Wilfrid Ashley, M.P., chairman of the executive committee of the Comrades' Association, points out that the French Government has adopted a similar proposal for the burial of one French soldier in the Pantheon, Paris.

In an interview with Major Pritchard, the secretary of the association, a representative of the *Daily Chronicle* was informed that a question upon the matter would be formally submitted shortly in the House of Commons, and when the feelings of the public had been ascertained upon

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the proposal, the question would be further considered by the Grand Council.

'We feel that it is due to the private soldier that some special honor of this character should be conferred,' he said. 'We are taking a further opinion of our associates. St. Paul's has been suggested, and also Westminster Abbey, but, personally, I am in favor of the removal of the remains of one unknown soldier from the actual fighting area to this country, and that his remains be interred under a cenotaph to be built where the Admiralty Arch now stands, near Charing Cross. This is only my personal view. The Grand Council, as a committee, will settle the final details.'

HILAIRE BELLOC has had something to say about the modern manner of referring to the Battle of Hastings as the Battle of Senlac, a notion invented by that ferocious pedant, Freeman, who is also responsible for most of the silly nonsense written about 'Anglo-Saxons.' 'Because,' says Mr. Belloc, 'all the people who fought in that battle and all their descendants were pleased to call it the Battle of Hastings, therefore, do the historians most furiously determine that it shall be called nothing of the sort. They want to call it Senlac after a chance phrase in *Odericus Vitalis* (which they have found not in the original, but in Lingard), and they complain that the expression "Hastings Plain" must be false because the battlefield is half a day's march from Hastings. That is because history has never been written by anyone who knew Sussex. There is nothing commoner than for a place-name in Sussex to be derived from a town at some distance, especially if the place-name has the word "plain" or "common" added. I have upon my farm a big field called Horsham Common, though it is more than six miles from Horsham, and up on the Downs there is a place I know called Bognor Plain, which is still further from Bognor. I think the probable origin of these names was that the towns or villages in question had rights over these isolated pieces of land; at any rate, such names are well known all over the country, and there is no doubt in the mind of anyone well acquainted with them that the field over which the great action was decided was called Hastings Plain, and the true name of the battle is the Battle of Hastings and nothing else.'

GENERAL LUDENDORFF, in his book of war memories, which is appearing in serial form, makes several references to Germany's submarine warfare. He is evidently not very comfortable on the subject, for he persistently attempts to shift the chief responsibility on to the Chancellor; but, as usual, he totally fails to understand the nature of the charge against Germany. In a recent installment he again discusses the question, purely from the point of view of whether or not the policy of 'ruthlessness' would enable Germany to win the war. He has no other point of view. He assumes that if there was a reasonable prospect of 'ruthlessness' winning the war for Germany it was the plain duty of Hindenburg and himself to recommend it. It happens that a remarkable series of films, entitled 'The Exploits of the German Submarine U 35,' which came into the possession of the British Admiralty, is about to be released for publication, and will be shown in London. In these photographs, taken by themselves, the Germans are condemned out of their own mouths, so to speak; for this record of brutality is stated to have been loudly cheered by the public when shown in Berlin. It is also a striking commentary upon Ludendorff's many professions of humanitarian regard for the lives and property of non-combatants.

MR. MALINS must surely be the greatest cinematograph operator that the world has yet seen. Very few men have displayed such courage and devotion in winning an empire or in winning a wife as Mr. Malins has shown in taking his war films. The greatness of his objective completely overwhelmed all other considerations; through all obstacles and all dangers he went straight to his appointed end. Although he has written a book of over three hundred pages, we cannot make out what sort of man Mr. Malins really is. We see nothing but the superb cinematograph operator. If we try to imagine Mr. Malins existing before the invention of moving pictures we

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fail completely, just as, quite obviously, Mr. Malins himself would fail to imagine a filmless world. His one idea is so luminous, so insistent, that we are hypnotized into sharing it with him. Amid bursting shells, the bellowing roar of exploding mines, the hail of machine-gun bullets, the bewildering rush of the attack and counter-attack, we are beset with novel anxieties—they are Mr. Malins's anxieties. Will the next shell-burst be in focus? Is the mud spattered up by the machine-gun bullets getting on the lens? As shell after shell drones through the air Mr. Malins feverishly twists his camera about. Has he judged the point of impact correctly this time? Will he get his picture? Presently a shell bursts within a few yards of Mr. Malins and knocks him head over heels. Gasping in the rarefied air of the explosion, he picks himself up and, his face drawn with horror, rushes to his camera. Calamity! One of the tripod legs is broken!

These are what we may call the normal anxieties of Mr. Malins's life; there are others. The British habit of attacking at dawn was a continual annoyance to Mr. Malins, although he patriotically says comparatively little about it. The battle of St. Eloi, when the Germans plastered our trenches so heavily, looked at one time as if it were going to be a failure:

'The frightful din continued. It was nothing but high explosives, high-explosive shrapnel, ordinary shrapnel, trench bombs, and bullets from German machine guns. One incessant hail of metal. Who on earth could live in it? What worried me most was that there was not sufficient light to film the scene; but, thank Heaven, it was gradually getting lighter.'

But what if, as it got lighter, the bombardment had died down? Truly Mr. Malins led a life of care.

It was at the beginning of the battle of the Somme that Mr. Malins had his greatest fright. He was, as usual, in the front-line trenches, peering over the top. His camera was in position, focused on the redoubt under which the huge mine of twenty tons of aminol was sprung at the commencement of the attack. Mr. Malins knew it was to go up at 7.20. He began to expose at 7.19 and the *mine was late*.

'I looked at my exposure dial. I had used over a thousand feet. The horrible thought flashed through my mind, that my film might run out before the mine blew. Would it go up before I had time to reload? The thought brought beads of perspiration to my forehead. The agony was awful; indescribable. My hand began to shake. Another 250 feet exposed. I had to keep on.'

This was the experience that taught Mr. Malins what fear is. However, the mine went up then, and Mr. Malins secured a perfect picture of it. Even then he had anxieties. German shells were crashing all round him, flinging up dirt that cut his face like whipcords. Again that dreadful sinking of the heart; is the lens getting dirty? But, as all the world knows, Mr. Malins took his pictures. That he is alive to write a book (and an extremely good book) about them is one of the incredible things of the war.

THE EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK

The name of **Henry Chartres Biron**, scholar, magistrate, and luminous critic of the English eighteenth century has been seen several times in the LIVING AGE.

* * *

The question of the relation of the Christian church to modern times is one that stirs a far larger circle of readers than many imagine. The author of the article in this week's issue is a professor at Vassar College. The layman's point of view, which this paper reveals, is rarely encountered.

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[*The English Review*]

RITUAL HYMN TO APOLLO LUKEIOS

BY BENVENUTA SOLOMON

The white wolf through the whist wood goes,
And who shall dare to follow?
He hunts a prey none other knows —
Apollo, ai, Apollo!

By ways that wind 'neath shadowing boughs,
Through tangled brake and hollow,
The tireless chase no pause allows —
Apollo, ai, Apollo!

Blindly the panting quarry flies,
All sense by terror blunted.
And now a blood-red moon espies
The hunter and the hunted.

The destined hour is come at last
For these who flee and follow —
My God! my God! thou hast me fast!
Io Paian, Apollo!

Thy fangs are bared above my breast,
Thine eye glows in its hollow.
Strike and destroy! This doom is best,
Lukeian lord, Apollo!

Why did I shun thy fierce pursuit,
Though fiercer was my yearning
To lie before thee, smiling, mute,
Victim on altar burning?

I know thee to my bitter dole.
Thee lacking all is hollow.
Thy gifts are tortures, yet my soul
Is glad of thee, Apollo!

And should'st thou turn from me to fly
My lot were then to follow;
The hunted thou, the hunter I —
Lukeios, ai, Apollo!

Ne'er shall the chase divine have end.
From hilltop, grove, and hollow
The wild rapt cry shall still ascend —
Io Paian, Apollo!

[*The Venturer*]

NIGHT MUSIC

BY JOHN DRINKWATER

Enchanted as those days in Caliban's isle,
A music from the night falls on my hill,
And variously played.
In the hushed moonrise many sounds there are,
Inaudible but to the moods of prayer,
Into one music made.

Over the foothills from the valley comes
The lowing of some straggler from the herd,
Roaming in pastures deep.
A sheep-dog's challenge through the dark is met
By the ewe-mothers and their lambs that now
Are muffled flocks of sleep.

Sweeping across the fern twin measures go,
Toward Worcester one, and Hereford, where weave
Glooming, a pair of jars.
Faintly, afar, a brown owl speaks the night,
And hears high up, from out these hill-top pines,
His mate among the stars.

And, under all, the wind about the gorse
Creeps, or as fire rushes, and burns up
All sound into one song.
And in the night it flows about my grief,
Healing a little, as on Setebos
Was eased that older wrong.

So in my heart beauty with beauty strives,
And good slays good. O spirit of wisdom, run,
As the wise wind to-night,
Through me, and make my crazy tunes all one;
Upon the trouble of my blindness bring
Light, and forever light.

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